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THE
Royal Flight:
OR, THE
CONQUEST
OF
IRELAND.
A NEW
FARCE.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Baldwin, near Oxford-Arms in
Warwick-Lane. 1690.

L.

THE
Royal Flight

OR THE

CONQUEST

OF

IRELAND

A NEW

FARCE

LONDON

Printed for Richard Baldwin near Oxford Street
in Strand Lane 1833

The Persons.

K. J.
D. of Berwick.

Tyrconnel.

Powis.

Herbert.

Nugent.

Lutterel.

Talbot, Pretended Primate.

Arch Bishop of Cassels.

Sarsfield.

Hamilton.

Mac-Guillicuddy.

D'Avaux.

Lauzune.

La Hoquette.

Leri, Ld. Mayor of Dublin.

Hall, the Priest.

Priests and Jesuits.

Protestants and Papists.

Officers and Souldiers.

Messenger.

Lady Lancarty.

P R O-

P R O L O G U E

After our Summers being in Arms in vain,
 And Ireland lost the Honourable Campaign:
 When to drink Usquebagh, and pick his Toes,
 Mend his patch Brogues, and Munday his Cloaths,
 Was all Teague had to do, one would have thought,
 The Irish might to Discipline been brought;
 For tho' their Wit and Sense can never Charm,
 They might have learnt the Language of an Army;
 When their great Generals, fam'd beyond the Moon,
 Were Deputy King James, and Count Lazurus.
 The first, (for why should we great Actions say)
 So famous for his Flight from Salisbury.
 The other who from's Master learnt the Trick
 Of Burning Towns, because they're Hereticks;
 But they learnt only how to fight in jest,
 Nay, when they were by greatest dangers press'd,
 And minding nothing else their Generals say,
 But how to face about and run away,
 Not Bullies Scouring from the Mid-Night Watch,
 Nor needy Debtor from a Serjeants Catch,
 Could Faster run, than did the Irish Host.
 When Great King William o'er the Boyne was cross'd,
 Their Abdicated Prince first show'd the way,
 And why should they behind their Leader stay?
 For be, 'tis said, from Hubbaboos and Blatts,
 Rode sixty Mile that day, and spoil'd his Boots.
 'Twould be a Jubile at Rome that Day,
 If James could stand in fight, as well as Pray.
 And I'll affirm't without his Royal Word,
 'Tis a good Cause sets th'edge upon a Sword.
 But his is such a sneaking little Cause,
 And much more Tidy, than he made our Laws;
 A Cause of such a tottering sinking Fame,
 No Prince e're thriv'd, that undertook the same;
 And were there but a worser Place than Hell,
 May they be all sent there, that wish it Well.

T H E

THE
ROYAL FLIGHT:
OR THE
Conquest of Ireland.

ACT I SCENE I.

James, Tyrconnel, Herbert, Hall the Priest.

K. James *leaning his Arm upon a Table, and resting his Head upon his Knuckles.*

IT was observ'd, that when I was first crown'd in this Kingdom of Ireland, my Crown stood like the Steeple of the *Duomo* at *Pisa*, awry upon my Head, which way soever Men lookt upon me. Was that a good Sign, *Hall*, or No?

Hall. I suppose it lean'd toward *England*, Sir, and then 'twas a good sign. — I long to be preaching again in your Chappel at *White hall* —

James. By the *Mass*, and so do I too, to hear thee there — But when I first turn'd Roman-Catholick, I was promis'd Mountains of Gold. Where are those Mountains? —

Hall. Despair not, Sir; I make no Question, but rather than you shall want, that Heaven will rain Gold for as many days together, as it rain'd in the Time of the Flood.

B

James.

The Royal Flight:

James. I good Sooth, Father *Hall*, I should be glad to see that day come—I have no Faith in Miracles—

Hall. I am sorry to hear you say so, Sir—

K. James. Why so?—

Hall. Oh Sir—If you would but trust in the Queen of Heaven, I dare be bold to say, ~~she~~ ^{she} would send you her own Life-Guard to fight without Pay—which would be the same thing, as if she should Coin half the Stars in the Firmament, to make Money for you.

James. In the mean time what good News, my Lords—How go Affairs in England—

Herbert. To your wish, Sir—~~The~~ ^{The} clos'd Parties are all to pieces again—Whigs and Tories once more at Daggers drawing, and contending for Mayors and Sheriffs, and Common Council-Men since a year—

SCENE II.

Herbert, Tyrconnel, D'Avaux, Berwick, James.

James. I know I have a good Party there—but still my Brother of France—

D'Avaux. Hold Sir—I am my Master's Representative in this place, and must not brook this Language—My Brother of France—

James. Why Sir, I am a Crown'd Head—

D'Avaux. That's nothing Sir, you are but his Viceroy in this Kingdom—consequently none of his Brother—My Master's too jealous of his Honour to call his Inferiour Brother—

Tyrconnel. By St. Patrick, y'are a Proud French-man—

D'Avaux. By St. Denis, y'are a Beggarly Teague—

Berwick. Sir—the King is my Father—and my Father is the King of France's Brother—

D'Avaux. Prinkcock—you are too Sawcy—*[Then turning to K. James.]*

James. My Lord, I'm sorry for the occasion—I know indeed the Barons of my Exchequer at London may call Baron Tell-clock Brother, but Baron Tell-clock must not call any of them Brothers—Y'are in the Right my Lord *D'Avaux*—I am but a King-Tell-clock in the World at present—But pass it over—I'll undertake my Wife shall make all well again—

SCENE

SCENE III.

D'Avaux, Lausun.

D'Avaux. Mortbleu! A Prince of No-land calls my Master Brother!

Lausun. Truly, my Lord; I think 'twas by you ill tim'd—for you know our Master pretends to assist him as still King of Great Brittain—and therefore I don't believe he would have disown'd the Expression as yet, had it been spoken to his Face.

D'Avaux. But I know as well how our Master intends to Fool him—how he only makes a Tool of him, but despises him in his Heart.

Lausun. That's nothing—what a Party would our Master lose both in *England* and *Scotland*, and perhaps in this Kingdom too—should he pretend to set up for himself.

D'Avaux. To tell you truth, I think our Master does ill to spend so much Money, Time, and so many Men upon him—For if my Conscience 'twill all come to nothing.

Lausun. I am in a fine case then, to Tell so fair an Estate as I have done to follow his Fortune.

D'Avaux. Why look ye Sir—Where Prudence and Courage are wanting, there can never be a Prospect of Success.

Lausun. What must we do then?

D'Avaux. Make haste while the Sun shines—Plunder and repay your self, there be good Gleanings still left—Never pity the People, they're a sort of Miscreants not worth hanging—I have taken that course with the King, as to make him seize all his Protestant Subjects Goods by Armed Force, and then having set a Price upon them at his own Pleasure, which he only pays in his own Copper Money, to export them to our Master his Dear Correspondent in *France*.

Lausun. You are a Faithful and Politick Minister I must confess.

D'Avaux. Tann'd Hides, Raw Hides, Wooll, Tallow and Butter, are all Commodities which my Master wants—and how much of this sort of Merchandize I have got the King to Ship off into *France* this year 1689 d'ye think?

Lausun. I cannot tell my Lord.

The Royal Flight :

D'Avaux. Begar my Lord, no less than Thirty three thousand four hundred fifty eight Hides Tann'd and Raw——Sixty one thousand four hundred and five Stone of Wooll, three hundred eighty nine Tun of Tallow, and Forty Stone of Butter. Good Chaffer, my Lord, in *France*; as being all Staple Commodities, the Exportation of which Beggars the Protestants, the only Industrious People of the Island, and Impoverishes the Kingdom; for which our Master makes no other Returns, but only Materials to Murder the Hereticks, and conquer the Nation for himself.

Lausun. Our Master, my Lord, I know is a Prudent Prince, and I make no question but your Lordship has been able to carve sufficiently for your self out of such Lumps as these——But when all's gone, what shall we have for our pains?——

D'Avaux. Why, my Lord, our Master does not intend to remove the Land, there will be Arable and Pasture still left—and you will have your Proportion you may be sure——

Lausun. Faith, my Lord, I would fain know which County will fall to my share, because I would be a little kind to my own Tenants——But letting this go——Did you ever see, my Lord, such a Court as this? Not a Lady worth the Salute of *Serviteur Madame*——Their yellow Hair and Freckles would turn the Stomack of the most pumple-fac'd Whore-master in the World——A Man would rather let his Name perish, then lye with 'em to support his Family——

D'Avaux. Y'are a little too severe my Lord, 'tis true the *Dublin* Ladies want the Wit and Air, the Garb and Demeanour of our *Parisian Belles Filles*, but there are some that will serve for all that, to keep a Man warm in a Frosty Night as well as the best——Then again, my Lord, there's a pleasure in Variety——and many Men as well as my self, love to see what Forraigners have got, as well as their own Native Country-women——

Lausun. 'Tis very true, my Lord, and I would not willingly be beaten out of the Country, before I had try'd one of these Female *Teagues*——

D'Avaux. You have leisure, my Lord——when you lye idle in your own Quarters, you have nothing to do but to be beating up the Womens Quarters——Look out sharp, there's Game enough——I have so much business in my Head; I am so taken up with the Spirit of Politicks, that I have no time for Carnal Recreation.

Lausun. I wish your Politicks Success, my Lord——

D'Avaux.

Or the Conquest of Ireland.

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D'Avaux. Ay, Ay my Lord, if they succeed, we'll have French Ladies and Frenchified Ladies Hold Belly Hold——In the mean time I must go look after my Royal Charge——

SCENE IV.

Hall the Jesuit, and a Rabble of Priests, one carrying the Host and another Tinkling a Little Bell before 'em.

1 Priest. *Mater Apostolorum, ora pro nobis*——Singing——

2 Priest. [*Whispering to his Companion*]——S'lise Joy make a great haste——for by my Shoule, Joy, I have promis'd a Dear Joy to meet her by Twelve of the Clock——

1 Priest. By my Shoule I'm in thy Condition——*Audi preces Nostros pro Domino Nastro Jacobo*——bo——bo——Singing——

Omnes. Regina Celi, audi preces nostros——Singing——

Hall. Sing Holy Men——pray Heartily Sons of Heav'n, and you shall see happy days——

Omnes again——[*Tearing their Throats*]——*Regina Celi audi preces nostros pro Domino Jacobo*——bo——bo——

Hall. And your Abbies and your Nunneries shall be restored to ye again.

Omnes again, Yo——He——Ba——bo——be——bo——bo——yo——He——bo——bo——bo——Au——men——Singing

Hall. And ye shall tread upon the Necks of the Hereticks——

Omnes again, Tob——beb——Ba——be——bo——ba——bo——Tob——beb——ba——bo——bo——bo——Au——men——[Singing.

3. Priest. What did he say?——We should have our Nunneries again?——[*Whispering together.*

4 Priest. Ay marry did he——

3. Priest. Pray God he be *John*——For by my Shoule now, I am old Dog at a Forcible Entry——Heaven rest my Father, who was a Bum-bayly, for teaching me——

Omnes again——Tob——Heb——ba——bo——be——bo——ba——bo——Tob——Heb——bo——ba——bo——bo——Au——men——

Hall. Ay Holy Fathers——this Devotion will do the Hereticks Business——We have a Great Work upon our Hands——Therefore do you labour with the Queen of Heaven——and I'll labour with our King upon Earth——

Omnes

Omnes — Tob — beb — ba — bo — be, be — ba — bo — Tob
 Heb — bo — ba — bo — bo — Au — men —

Hall. Well done Fathers, go on and prosper—Pray like Horses—
 The Queen of Heaven knows all Languages, from the Holy
 Hebrew to the Prophane Pedlers French—Farewel—I am
 sent for by the Defender of our Faith—

S C E N E V.

K. James, Hall, Tyrconnet, Nogent.

James. Where have you been, Hall, I have wanted thee this
 three hours.

Hall. 'Tis a strange thing, Sir, you can do nothing without
 me—I that was but a Cooks Son but t'other day, am now
 become your chief *Achitophel*—Where's your Great Father
Peters?

James. Hang him Fool and Knave—He has brought me to
 all this—Thou art all Inspired—and talk'st like an Angel—
 Speak Blessed Oracle—I know thou hast seen the Queen of
 Heaven in a Vision last night—

Hall.—I did so, Great Sir—and she shew'd me your Majesty
 just come into the World wrapt up in her own Smicker—

Tyrcon. Father, Father, did she tell you that she would hide him
 in a Cloud in the day of Battel, as *Venus* did *Eneas*?

Hall. She did not say the same words—but her shewing him to
 me in that Posture imply'd, she would always protect him—

Tyr. The Heathen Oracles, Father, many times speak Truth,
 but 'twas wrapt up in such Ambiguous Lyes, that Men could
 never find it out—

Nogent. I wonder that such a *Bon-Catholick* as you should question
 the Truth of what Father Hall says—You may as well call in
 doubt the Infallibility of our Holy Father the Pope.

James. Let every one believe as he pleases—You know 'tis
 my declar'd Opinion—But how shall a Man do to get so
 much into *Venus*'s Favour, as to be wrapt in a Cloud, in the time
 of Battel—I would fight then like a Dragon—tho if the
 Cloud be not Cannon-proof, I would not care a fig for the Cloud
 neither—

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Hall. Sir, 'tis the same thing to be under the Protection of the Queen of Heaven, as to be wrapt in *Venus's* Cloud—For you shall be then encircled with Angels in such a manner, that from whatever Point of the Compass the Bullets come, they shall stand and catch them in their Hands, as the Maids do Stool-balls in the Holy-days.

James. Were I assur'd of this, I would Fight, as I said before, like a Dragon.

Hall. Nothing so sure, Sir, if your Majesty would but once be pleas'd to Fight—

James. I'll consider of it—

Hall. In the mean time a word with your Majesty in private—

SCENE VI.

K. James, Hall the Priest.

Hall. Sir, we have been praying for your Majesties Success like so many Cats upon the Tiles—We have and will make such a hideous Noise, that certainly Heaven will answer our Requests, rather than be troubled with us—To tell you Truth, Sir, they wholly depend upon your Royal Word and Promises—So that were it not for hopes, their very Heart-strings would crack with the pains which they take Day and Night, to teize Heav'n with their Caterwauling for your sake—

James. I know not that I ever gave them any cause since my Conversion to mistrust me—For tho I ne're regarded the keeping my word with Hereticks, I was always true to them—

Hall. Half the Revenue of this Island will be hardly sufficient to reward them for the great care they take of your Affairs—

James. I intend them no less—for I mean, if God prosper me, to have but two sorts of Subjects in the World—Churchmen and Slaves—the One to ride me—the Other to be ridden by me—

Hall. Some People tell me, Sir, that I smell very strong of an Archbishopsprick—And when I ask 'em what sort of smell that is, they Laugh—But then I tell 'em, I know not how an Archbishopsprick smells,—only that I serve a Good and Gracious, Pious and Religious Master—a dutiful Son of the Church—a Promise-keeping Prince—And then a great many Laugh agen—but

but then I tell 'em, let them Laugh that win——Did I not tell 'em right, an't like your Majesty?

James. Nothing can stemm thy Prophetick Spirit, but my downfall——Thou might'st have told 'em, 'twas not the smell of an Archbishoppick, but of a Cardinals Hat with Toffels——But heark thee me, *Hall*, art not thou Confessor to the Lady *Lancarty*?

Hall. Yes an't please your Majesty for want of a better——

James. I dye for love of that Lady——and you must use all the Charms of that *Sacrament* to bring her into my Embraces——Else I tell thee, I shall dye——and then all your Fat is in the Fire——

Hall.——My dreaded Liege, I am not of that Opinion, that we must not do evil that good may come of it——

James. By the way *Hall*. she's marry'd——

Hall. That's no Impediment at all Sir——[*Aside.*] Now I smell a Cardinals Hat indeed——You are a Prince so Brave, so Generous, so Valiant, so Renown'd, so Vertuous, so Pious, so punctual an Obleiver of that Maxim, do as you would be done to, that 'tis Pitty the World should not be stockt with your Royal Breed——Upon the Word of a Priest, Dread Sovereign, the Sacrament of Confession shall lore Bonnet to all other Considerations but this——The Sacrament of Confession shall serve you to the uttermost of its Power——Who would be such an Infidel, as not to Pimp for the Holy Church?——

James.——Tell her——

Hall. Tell her my Liege!——I'll tell her 'tis the Queen of Heavens Pleasure——and she must do it——

James. Were it nothing else, this Complacency of thine will raise thee——go and be speedy in the Affair.

Hall. She Confesses to morrow——

James. The sooner the better——But be sure of Secrecy——S'lfe——if my Tyranness should know it, I should never be able to protect the first Perriwig I appear'd before her in——and perhaps another Black Eye to boot——

Hall. I see the Rock, and shall avoid it, Sir——

SCENE

Or the Conquest of Ireland.

SCENE VII.

Lausun, La Hoquette, Count de Leri, Nugent.

Nugent. [To *Lausun* having a Book in his hand] What, my Lord, Bookish this Morning—I suppose there's no body here that needs to hear Lectures of Martial Discipline—

Lausun. Begar, Millord, me ha sold de very great Estate vor de King of *Englan's* sake—and me must get de very great Estate by de King—Begar dis bookish shew me de very fine rings—tis de Present Estat of *Englan*—Begar me no beaga without Booka—me kenow vat me Beaga, bevore me open my Mour—Begar—me no be deny'd—me no Fight de stroke, bevore de King make me de Promise under his Haund of de great Matre—Begar here be de Lord High Mareschall—vat is dat de value—

Nugent. That's a place of much more Honour then Profit.

Lausun. Begar me no care vor de great Onor, me be vor de Protect—

La Hoquette. So be mee too Begar—Let me see your Book a delittle Millord—

Lausun. Hold—Let me shooze in de first place a—den take a de Book among you—Here is de Lord Shanselour's place—de Fee 848 Pound per de year—Begar me no accept of de eight hundred vorty eight Pound by de year—Me ha sold a great deal must more Begar—

La Hoquette. Begar den me, vil ave it—Begar me get a nautre, and a nautre if dat vill not serve a—

Nugent. The Lord Chancellor's place and the Judges are only for Lawyers my Lord—they must be left for such as tis to share.

La Hoquette. Begar me no care for de Law—me put in de Deputy vor de Law—Begar de King himself is but our Maitre's Deputy—Begar and de English and de Iris be no more den de Deputies to de Franke Man de Moreet—

Count de Leri. Here is de Lord Brevis de Seale—Fee viseten hundred poun par l'an—

C

Nugent.

Nugent. My Lords—you had better look among the Men of Great Titles—there you will find Forfeitures anow to beg—These Places are but for Life—but Land will descend to your Posterity—

Lausun. Begar here is de Duke a de Beauforts—

Nugent. Ay now y have hit it—there's a Man enjoys more Land of his own than Forty Marquilles of France—

Lausun. Den here is de Earl of Bedford—

Nugent. Ay marry Sir, there's another has more than all the Peers of France put together—but 'tis a great part of it Abby Lands, perhaps the King will restore it to the Church.

Lausun. Begar—me no care de rush for de Church—let dem take a de Lord Sheneffors, and de Lord Privy Seals places dat vill—me ave de Duke of Beauforts and de Earl of Bedfords places—Begar—

Nugent. What both?—
Lausun. I Begar—boat—Begar—me go prefantly to de King—an me beaga dese two places Begar—And Begar he give em me too—or me no Fight a stroke Begar—

SCENE VIII

K. James, Lausun, La Hoquette, Count de Leri.

Lausun. Begar, Sir, me be come here—me leave a me Native Country to serve your Majesty—me sell very much Land Begar for your sake—me come here to restore you to your Throne—Begar me deserve de very much Recompense—

James. Gratitude, my Lord, is a Virtue which I always boasted to be Master of—and therefore you may rest assur'd of a Reward answerable to your Services.

Lausun. Begar Sir, me no love de General—me love to come to de Particular—

James. My Lord, any particular Request of yours in reason is granted—

Lausun. Why den—an please your Majesty, me fall expect for my good Service de Duke of Beauforts and de Earl of Bedfords places—Begar dese two places me expect or me no Fight a stroke Begar—

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James. I know no places they ever had Sir— Indeed the one was President of Wales—but that's more Honour than Profit, my Lord—

Lausun. Begar me be told dey ave a more Land dan all de Peers de France a.

James. Oh now I understand you— You beg the Estates of these two Personson—

Lausun. I Begar—de Estates—me hope your Majestee wont let a me be theated for no speak good English—

James. By no means my Lord, and you have my Royal Word for't—

Lausun. Begar me no take a de word— Dey say you no so good as your word—dey say, dat had a you kept your Promise wid a your Subject, you no need of come here— Begar—me ave it under a your Harid and Seal Begar—or me no Fight un stroke a Begar—

James. My Lord, I shall take order to give you all the Satisfaction you can desire—

La Hoquette. Please your Majestee you must expect to be troubled with more Petitioners o dis kind—but as you have many to ask, so you have much to dispose of— All your Subject will be de Traytors Begar—

James. And I'll swinge 'em off for a Company of Hereticks too, if ever I get among 'em again— But they that serve me in my Extremities, shall eat Gold—they shall not ask so fast as I'll give— Can you think of nothing Monsieur?

La Hoquette. Sir, me beg by de book—me beg de Gran Shansellors place—

James. That's for a Lawyer, not for a Man of the Sword—

La Hoquette. Den gi' me de Arshbishop de Canterbury's place—

James. That's for a Divine—

La Hoquette. O Sir—me put in de fine Deputees—me get de monee—me no care for de Law nor de Gospel neder—

De Leri. My Suit is for de Gran Treasures place—and I make no doubt, but wat wid my Pansion, and wat me shall sheat your Majestee, me shall do vell enough—I would not give a rush for de Treasurer that knows not how to lick his own Fingers—

James. Look ye my Lords—I don't love much trouble—'een be your own Carvers your selves—Do you but take care of me and my Little Son—and then, take and do what ye will—For to tell you the Truth, I don't care a Farthing what becomes of my Subjects—

De Leri. Wy Sir, you know y'ave made our Master a Promise to destroy de Heretic—and Begar your Subject be de Grand Heretic i'de Varle—

James. 'Tis very true—and therefore do you act your parts like Men of Valour—and then—Boys—

If by your Courage I am e'r restor'd, I'll make 'em know that I can keep my word.

ACT II. SCENE I.

K. James, Tyrconnel, Nugent, Pont.

Tyrconnel reading a Letter.

THE P. of O. has certainly compleated his Levies, and will be in Ireland in less than a Fortnight. In the mean time King James's Friends are hard at work. In the mean time the Cock-match goes on—the Black-coats promise—and you would not think how briskly the young Fry Gabber at Sam's Coffee-house—So soon as the P. is got over the Water we fairly begin. We have great hopes the E. of T. will fill their Expectations, and leave 'em the Lurch when they least expect it—'Twill be such a Blow as will make their Hearts ache—The King of France's Declaration has wrought strange Effects, and reconcil'd him to abundance of Gulls—The Five Bishops stand stoutly to their Pan-pudding—Come, come, Sir, 'Tis a long day that never has an end—'Tis Money that makes the Mare to go—He that has the longest Sword governs the World—And a light Wind shakes no Corn—

To King James.

Thus you see, Sir, all things go trim and trickie for you in England—Your work will be done to your hand—

James. Ay, Ay, But what shall we do with this same Prince of Orange—I fear me you will find him a Sower Crab Orange—I ha found him so to my Cost—and you know the Proverb Hang a Dog upon a Crab-tree, and he'll never love Varjuice—And for my part I am forced to abstain from Veal, least they should bring Oranges to the Table—the very sight of 'em makes me ready to Puke—

Nugent.

Nugent—Oh Sir—the Queen of Heaven is a' your side—

James. I had rather have another *Joan of Arque* o'my side by half—One Amazon upon Earth is worth twenty the Saints in Heaven—'Tis true she was burnt for a Witch—but for all that she turn'd the Fortune of *France*.

Nugent. Heavens! Sir—we never heard you talk at this rate before—

James. I tell ye, I am angry with the Virgin *Mary* because she would not give a Blessing to my Endeavours upon my Wife—and yet I gave her the best Bodkin that ever she wore in her Life—So that had not some been wiser than some, I might have digg'd up all the Parsley Beds i'the Kingdom, before I should have lit upon a Boy so fit for my purpose—I am dissatisfied—

Pown. What think you (Sir) of retiring back to *France* for a while—For some People have made an Observation, that none of your Designs thrive where you are in Person—You have found the one pretty true by Experience—try t'other way—and let us alone to Fortune by our selves—

James. Fortunes a Whig and a Draggel-tail——If *St. Patrick* won't assist his own Teagues, and *St. Denis* stand by his own Country men, I am lost—

Pown. This Despair of yours will discourage your Souldiers—

James. No, no, my Lord—I don't despair neither—You see I venture my Person among you—and that I think is sufficient to shew that I have Courage—

Tyrcon. Sir, I have read i'the Story of *Richard the Third*, how *Henry the Seventh* fought *Richard the Third* and slew him—

James. And so, my Lord, you'd have me fight the P. of O—I thank ye my Lord for your Parallel—I'll do any thing in Person but that—You know that *Richard the Third* was accounted a Tyrant, as I am accounted—and *Henry the Seventh* the Deliverer of the People—Now then, my Lord, if the Parallel hold, 'tis the P. of O. that must Kill me, and Not I the P. of O—I thank ye my Lord for your good Advice, but I shan't take it—Is there no way to beat the P. of O. but by my fighting him in Person?—Must I do your Drudgery for ye? As if there were not anow to fight him in Person besides me—Gad do you fight him in Person your self, if you like fighting in Person so well—

Tyrcon. Sir, if you let him pass the *Newry*, he'll presently be with ye at the *Boyne*—and if he get over that Passage, then farewell Frost Yfaith—

James.

James. Your Bodies are the Walls I trusted to, to guard those Passes—and because I did not think ye all *Guy's of Warwick*, *St. Georges*, and *Palmerins of England*, I got my Brother of *France* to assist ye—What would ye have me do?—'Tis not for Kings to expose their Royal Persons—If I am lost, all's lost—Tye all the cursed Protestants Neck and Heels together, and Pile 'um up i' the way as high as the middle Region—Surely that will stop his Highness for some time—If that won't do, the Lord have Mercy upon us—However if the worst come to the worst, I have one Shift left me still, that I can run faster than his Highness can follow me—

Tyrcon. Heavens Bless us! don't talk of running yet Sir; if you do, you'll set your Souldiers a running as fast as Sheep—You must appear among 'em, and hearten 'em up with your Presence—

James. If that be all, that shall be done I warrant ye—I can ride about, and look like *Hector* himself where there's no danger—as you shall presently see—Let my Horse be got ready—

SCENE II.

Representing the Irish Camp, the King riding about and shewing himself to the Souldiers, attended by Tyrconnel, Powis, Sarsfield, Herbert and others.

James. What Fellow is that with a Crows Nest about his Chops?—and a Mouth as wide as a Sawpit—He looks as if he were able to eat up a whole Regiment of the Prince of *Orange's* Men—

Tyrcon. Why, Sir, have you forgot your Friend *Teague Oregan*, your design'd Governour of *Charlemont*?

James. Is that he?—Heark ye me, Fellow Souldier—can you hold out a strong Town?

Teague. I by my Shoule can I, to serve your Majesty—tho by my Shoule, Dear Joy, I will not make a promise to hold it out to the eating of Dogs and Cats, because Bonny Clapper and Conny Rapper agrees better with my Stomack—But if no Enemy appear before the Town—If I meet with no Molestation of Bombs and Granadoes, and such other Diabolical Instruments of Death—I will hold out your Majesties Town as long as *Nesfor* liv'd—

James.

James. That is a pleasant Fellow, I warrant him——

Tyrcon. Yes, and as Stout as ever *Knack Fergus* himself. He only talks to make your Majesty merry——

Tyrcon. Ay by my Shoule do I——For by my Shoule I admire and adore your Majesty for your Grandeur and Puishance, as being Tenant in *Capite* to the French King for three large Provinces of this flourishing and populous Island: and then for your extraordinary goodness in taking upon you to be the Sharitable Defender of the Roman Catholic Relishion, to the loss of almost three Kingdoms——tho I have no Religion at all——for that my Dear Joy makes a Man Coward-hearted——

James. [*Afide to Tyr.*] I fear this is not the Man you take him to be.

Tyrcon. Nere doubt him, Sir——I have seen him eat a Dagger to the Hilt, mearly because it would not enter a Musket-proof Breast-plate.

Thopas. I must confess, Dear Joy, that som Considerashions at som time may mortifie my Courash, so that if I meet a Party of the Enemy three times less than my own, I may be perswaded to run for't: not out of any fear of my Shoule, Dear Joy, but because the best Governour i' the World may sometimes have a Qualm come over his Sedmiack, a *jay ne seay quoy*, that will daunt the Spirit of *Ajax* himself. Which Devil of a *jay ne seay Quoy*, if it should seize me when the Enemy comes before your Majesties Town, I cannot be possitive in the Resolutions I may be forc'd to take——besides a natural Antipathy which I have against *Storming*——For when an Enemy takes a Town by Storm, he puts all to the Sword——and I would be more tender of your Majesties Subjects——

James. Thou speakest like a Christian, and I took thee for a Souldier——well, come to my Tent at Night——

The King riding on meets Sarsfeild, to whom

How now *Sarsfeild*, how goes the World——Are your Men in Heart? They say the P. of O. is coming to give me a Visit——

Sarsfeild. Lusty and Brave, Sir——they have all vow'd to save your Majesty the Expencc of Belly-Timber, and to feed upon nothing but *Danes* and *Dutch men* as long as there is one alive——and as for the *Innikillen* Men, they have Sworn to dry 'em up in their Chimneys for Rellishing Bits i' the Winter——

James. Bravely resolv'd——this comforts my Heart again——

Sarsfeild. Sir, as I was walking the Rounds t'other night, I heard a Noise in one of the Suttlers Tents, where some of my Souldiers were Drinking your Majesties Health in Snap-dragons——which made me stand still to listen——And your Majesty cannot imagine how many sorts of Oaths they Swore, what they would do to serve your Majesty,

jefty, if ever the P. of O. came into this Kingdom—One swore *Walsingham*—another swore like a Lord—another swore like a Tinkar—I have some Men under my Command, that if words would do it, will make all the Par in a Church-yard tremble—I have others that eat Iron Wagons—Kill all they see, and eat all they Kill—I have another Regiment of young stout Fellows that are all in Love up to the Hard Ears, and Fight meerly to win their Mistresses Favours—You need no more fear the P. of O. than I fear a good Dinner—

Herbert. S'life, Sir, this Army can never be beaten; this is an Army not of Men but of *Termagants*—Now one *Termagant* is better than twenty *Croats*—and twenty *Croats* are better than forty *Tartars*—and forty *Tartars* are better than four score *Danes* or *Dutch*—by which Computation one of your *Termagants* will beat eight score of the P. of O's Soldiers—However if you are afraid of the Leaves never go to the Wood—but keep in your Castle of *Dublin*—there sit in Counsel, receive Intelligence, and give out Orders—Let them Fight—do you Design and Advise—Policy many times is better than Strength—

James. No, not so far neither—I'll be within call howe'er the world goes—'tis but having a good Horse always ready Brid'd and Saddl'd—A Man may be said to be present, if he be but within the smell of his Army—

Sarsfeild. Brave Boys—Brave Boys—Ay marry Sir—here's Musick for ye—Is not this better than all your Chappel Glister-pipes?—

James. Thou wilt never leave thy Prophaneness—*Sarsfeild.*—*Sarsfeild.* Now you look like *Jove* with all his Thunder about him—

Hey—
[*Shout again—Volleys again.*
[*And then throws up his Hat.*

James. [*Aside*] This Fellow will make me valiant I think, in spite of my Teeth. [*Aloud*] Ay marry—this is like my Mustring upon *Hounslow-Hearth*—I could live and dye with such merry Boys as these—were this the worst of it—Well, I would not for a Cow of a Groat, but have seen and heard what I have heard and seen this day—and now let all the Devils in Hell say nay, I am resolv'd to have one Bruh for't—

Powis. This, Sir, is like your Victorious Brother of *France*—He never comes near danger no more than you do—but he rides about, and puts Life into his Souldiers, and then gets aloof off—You can't imagine what an Encouragement 'tis to an Army, to have a King aloof off—And then when the Danger's over, you may gallop in among 'em and spit in their Mouths, and have all the Honour of the Day attributed to your Valour—

James.

James. That's but reason, my Lord—your Counsel's good—and I assure ye my Lord, this day has got me two Stomacks—one to Eat, and t'other to Fight—but let's eat first—there's no such haste for t'other.

SCENE III

Hall the Priest, Lady Lancarty.

Hall. That's nothing Madam, where the Holy Church imposes a Command, you are to make no Scruples—

Lady. Surely Father, you do not talk as you mean—Did the Holy Church ever command a Woman to commit Adultery?—

Hall. No, Madam, nor did the Holy Church ever command a Woman to commit Murder—And yet you see that for the good of the Holy Church *Judith* cut off *Holophernes's* Head—Nor is it without great Probability from the Effect, that she let him have the use of her Body to boot—for you see that he had tired himself—that is, he had overwrought himself through the Allurements of a fresh Beauty and fell asleep—Thus you see, Madam, here was Whoredom, Murder and Treachery, three Fowl Sins, 'tis true—but being impos'd upon *Judith* by the Necessities of the Jewish Church, she was not only acquitted by the Church, but highly applauded for what she had done—

Lady. But Father, I do not see the Holy Church in any such danger at present—Where are the *Holophernes's* that threaten to ruin the Holy Church?

Hall. Madam, here is a Great Monarch, upon whom all the Hopes of the Holy Church in *England, Scotland and Ireland* depend—This Great Monarch Sues to you for the Trifle of a night's Lodging—Now upon your denial, this Great Monarch, not able to bear the Cross of his Ardent Affection, dies—and what follows?—All the Hopes of the Holy Church are thereby lost for ever—and you condemn'd to Eternal Purgatory—

Lady.—Father, Those of your Order are notable Sophisters—but you shall never argue me out of my Honour—I say again, the Holy Church never commanded a Woman to commit Adultery—

Hall. Lord Madam, that you will not understand—when I say the Holy Church, I mean the Interest of the Holy Church—For the Interest of the Holy Church and the Holy Church are all one—Now Madam, when the Interest of the Holy Church requires it, you are bound to do whatever may contribute to the Advancement of her Interest—

D

Lady.

Lady. I cannot be of your Opinion, Father—

Hall. Madam, I must chide you for your Squeamishness—what Injury will it be?—For grant it were a Sin—you know the Church can give you Absolution—Now then where you receive no Injury, to pretend Conscience to the Prejudice of the Holy Church!—Madam, I wonder at ye.

Lady. I know Father that you can Absolve me—but will my Husband forgive me?—You know Father there was a great Lady in France that went into England, and returned back into France, but was Poyson'd in three days after she got home.

Hall. Your Husband! Madam—why Confessors of my Order don't use to be Blabs of their Tongues—

Lady. I don't know Father how it comes to pass—but when Women do those things, the Devil still owes 'em a shame—and all the Town rings on't the next day—who d'ye think told that Ladies Husband?—her self?

Hall. Madam—I tell ye Madam, you stand in your own Light—and why is't?—because you are afraid to Cuckold your Husband—Now I affirm that you don't Cuckold your Husband—For Kings are not Men, but Gods—Now I say it can be no Defilement to a Mortal Husbands Bed, for his Wife to lye with a Deiry—*ergo*—And thus *Athenians* could not be said to Cuckold *Ambrosio*, because she did not lye with a Man, but with *Jupiter*, that was a God—*ergo* again—

Lady. I see, Father, you leave no Stone unturn'd—but are you sure the King dyes for love of me—

Hall. Ah—Madam, d'ye think I come to tell ye a *Canterbury* Story—or that I would appear in such an Office as this, but to serve our Holy Mother the Church?

Lady. Truly Father, I cannot tell what to say to the Business—the Devil and you are two Prevailing Tempters—but are you sure the King dyes for Love of me?

Hall. Sure! Madam—

Lady. I would not for a Thousand Pounds, the King should dye for Love of me—

Hall. A Thousand Pounds! Madam—why 'tis as much as your Life's worth—you may be impeach'd of High Treason upon it—

Lady. Why then Father 'tis resolv'd—neither will I dye for the King, neither shall the King dye for me—I find my self in a tottering condition—Were his Majesty but here himself now, he might push me down with the end of his Forefinger—

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Hall. 'Tis a Heaven upon Earth, Madam, to be a Great Monarch's Mistress—I have heard of One who had a Thousand Pound brought her every Munday Morning to Play at Cards with—

Lady. That's more than I expect—'tis in Obedience to our Holy Mother the Church that I submit—But Privacy's the Word, Father—

Hall. Blessed Lady, be assur'd of that—My Bosom is a Cabinet not to be unlockt with Keys of Torment, when entrusted with Secrets of this Nature—

Lady. [*Aside*] A most excellent Pimp—would I had known thee sooner—Well then, Father, I leave the rest to your discreet Contrivance—For you know the Saying, Tho Tw. be not Coy, Reputation is Nice—

Hall. By the way Madam, one thing more—when the Crowned Head lyes groveling at your Feet, and bathing your Knees with his Tears—remember me, Madam.

Lady. A Labourer like you is worthy of his Hire—farewel, Father

SCENE IV.

Hall, K. J. Groom of the Chamber.

Hall. Now do I go to wait upon the King with a Conscience void of Offence—Thanks be to Heaven, I have discharged a Great Trust, and that Faithfully and Effectually too—By such ways as these do those of our Order insinuate themselves into the Courts of Kings, and govern the Hearts of Princes—The Miss is our Slave, and the Prince is Hers—Thus we command his Secrets, ruin our Enemies, and preserve our own Grandeur—Thus Father *Le Chaise* governs *Madam de Montespane*, and she governs *Louis XIV.* she commands the Hereticks to be destroy'd, and her word's a Law—And that which washes our Consciences with Hyssop is this, that all this is done to advance the Interest of the Holy Mother the Church—But I delay too long to carry the Good News to the King—

To the Grooms of the Chamber.

Sir, is his Majesty awake?

Groom. Quite the Contrary, Sir—He is fast asleep—

Hall. Wake him then, for I have Business of Importance to communicate to him—tell him I am here, and that will be your Warrant of Security—

Groom. [*To himself*] Pox o' this Rascally Priest, now must I go wake the King to hear some impertinent Lecture or other for eating Roast beef of a Friday—Are you so much in haste, Father, you can't stay till the King wakes of himself?—He was up late last night—

D 2

Hall,

Hall. —Sir, Company will then press in—my business is private—
Groom. [*To himself*] Some Pimping Story or other, Begad—and
 then I'll not hinder it— [*Goes in and comes out again.*
Father, the King's awake, and gives you leave to enter—

[*Shuts the Door after him.*
James. Father, you have wak'd me out of a sweet Slumber—
 I was just dreaming of the Lady you wor of—

Hall. 'Tis from her I bring you Tidings— I wish all your Ene-
 mies were as much at your command as She—

James. Most Excellent Father—sit down—and talk softly—

Hall. Sir, I gave her a Visit under the usual pretence of Con-
 fession—according to your command—

James. And did you find her laden with Sin—

Hall. I ne're asked her Sir, how many Sins she had committed—
 my business was, as you well know, had they been a hundred; to
 persuade her to commit half a Score more, to serve your Majesty—
 and then to give her a Discharge in full—

James. And how did she relish your Discourse Father?—

Hall. Why Sir I laid before her the Danger that threaten'd the
 Holy Church, if she should suffer you to languish and Pine away to
 Death for Love of her— I told her how you had lost your Stomack,
 and that nothing would go down with you but Sugar-lops at night—
 How you fasted and pray'd Munday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thurs-
 days, Fridays and Saturdays; and that I was confident she was the
 Saint, to whom you offer'd up all your Devotions—

James. What said she?—

Hall. She Heftor'd and Flounc'd at first, as if she had been the
 Goddess of Chastity—call'd me Pimping Priest, and a Reproach to
 my Profession—and held out her Flag of Defiance at that rate—
 that I began to despair of taking the Fort—but the Devil so Faith-
 fully supply'd me with fresh Batteries, that at length, as I may so say,
 I took her by Storm—And when she surrender'd—*But does the King
 dye for me,* she cry'd, with such a Languishing Utterance, that I per-
 ceived I had wounded her to the Heart in the Assault; and that she
 only expected you to be her Surgeon—

James. Successful Father—thou hast oblig'd us for ever—

Hall. She enjoy'd me Sir, most seriously to Privacy—and I found
 too she had read the Earl of Rochester's Poems—for she made use of
 the Dutchess of Cleveland's Argument—

James. That, Father, must be another of your Master-pieces—

Hall. And I think Sir, I have it already—I will go to her again,
 and appoint a convenient Time and Hour for Confession—

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being done with all the Care and Caution imaginable, you shall go and meet her in my Habit—Our Habit is a strange sort of Habit, Sir—the Devil makes use of it sometimes to cover his Clov'n Feet—A Jesuits Gown is like *Ixions* Cloak, which *Juno* gave him to lye with her undiscover'd

James. By the Mass, Father, thou hast Wit and Invention at Will—I hug thy Design—and I like it the better, because you know I am one of the Order my self—

Hall. Sir you see I am wholly at your Devotion—

James. Nor shall you loose by't, Father—*Craesus* shall not be richer than Thee, if e're I come to my Throne again—More than that, I will erect a Colledge of Jesuits in *England* as big as the *Escorial* in *Spain*—There shalt thou live like a Prince—have more Lordships than the Old Abbots of *St. Albans*, and Eat and Drink in more Plenty than the Monks of *Glassenbury*—

Hall. These are Spurs would make a *Malt-horse* fly like a *Pegasus*—Alas Sir, my Ambition aims not at these great things—The World well knows your great Zeal to advance the Glory of the Holy Order—And that's the main Spur that quickens me to your Service—I have my Lesson Sir—*[Bowes and goes off.]*

SCENE V.

Lausun, La Hoquette, Count de Leri.

Lausun. *[Reading a Letter]* I am certainly inform'd, that the Prince of *Orange* will suddenly be in *Ireland* with a great Army—Therefore if your Affairs do not succeed in that Kingdom, be sure to be careful of *K. James*, and hasten his safe return into *France*—

La Hoquette. Our Master's a Wise King—but why he should be so chary of an Unfortunate Prince, is past my Apprehension—*Diablo*—I am sorry he is not in *France* at this present—For never any thing prosper'd where-ever he was—

Lausun. If you do not apprehend it, I do—there's no such Mystery but may be easily unfolded—Should he be too Fortunate he would be too Rampant for our Master—Let him be Unfortunate—but still preserve him in his Misfortunes—and at one time or other he may chance to do our Masters work—

La Hoquette. *Morsbleu*—What a power of Money has he cost our Master already to no purpose—

Lausun. Thare's a Fool, my Master has not spent a Doit upon him—all our Master has spent, has been for his own Interest—

Had

Had it not been for our Masters pretended assisting him in this Kingdom, and by that means cutting out other work for the P. of O. we should have had that Encroaching Enemy of ours at *Versailles* before this—And besides, if our Master get this Kingdom under this pretence, 'tis all clear Gains and Money well laid out—You know what he Conquers is all his own—let the Pretence be what it will—If our Master thought the Kingdom of Heaven worth Having, he has Pen-men that would derive his Pedigree in a direct Line from the Virgin *Mary*, rather than he should want a Pretension—In short *K. James* must be a Goad in the sides of the English as long as he lives—

La Hoquette. Moreover, then let our Master find out a Goad that will pierce to the Quick, and not such a Goad without a Point as *K. James*—Let him set up his Son, the Young P. of *Wales*—Fortune's a Whore, and loves Young Flesh better than Old—

Lausun. No, no—There are none in *England* but those of our own Religion that believe that Farce—King *J.* has been Crown'd in that Kingdom, and the Protestant Jesuits of his Party have found out a quaint Distinction already of a King *de Jure* and *de Facto*, to make a Broyl upon the Coast, and divide the Allegiance of the People—'Tis for this our Master is so chary of *K. James*—otherwise he would not care whether the Cham of *Tartary*, or the Great *Mogul* were King of *England*, 'twere all one to Him—Our Master's a Charitable Monarch, and if any Forreign Prince in his Distress, craves his Assistance, there is no Man so ready to lay hold of the Opportunity—The Fox desir'd the Lamb but only to let him put in his Head, and then he knew well enough how to get in his whole Body—

La Hoquette. Nay, I know our Master knows how to make use of a proper Tool as well as any Prince in *Europe*—But what would he do with this Island if he had it?—

Lausun. Why Transplant all the Cowardly Irish to his Plantations in *America*, and People the Kingdom with his own Subjects—Or what if he should Dispeople the Country and leave it without Inhabitants?

La Hoquette. I confess 'tis a good way to prevent Rebellion.

Lausun. You know our Master loves to be King of Countries without People—and that made him Depopulate the *Palatinate*, and the rest of his Conquests in *Germany*—Nay you see how he Dispeoples his own *France* it self—By the way, he learnt that piece of Policy of the Turk—And so if he could but get footing in *England*, you should soon see what a *Hunting field* *K. J.* and He would make of it—

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La Hoquette. Morbleu, there's reason for that——'tis a Hive of Hereticks that ought to be smoak'd to Death with Brown Paper and wet Straw——But do you believe the P. of O. is a coming indeed?—

Laufon. Our Master you see believes it, and trembles already for his Brother of England——

Leri. I don't like that same Diabolical Faith of our Master——'tis ominous——

La Hoquette. Nor do I love Fighting in an Island——'tis like *Scanderbag* and the Gyants Fighting in a Sawpit——I love the Continent-Liberty where a Man may run as far as he pleases——

Leri. However our Master could not have given us a fairer pretence to run away with Honour, had he study'd five years——Nor indeed do I see any reason why we should venture our Lives and our Limbs with an English King that won't venture with us——

Laufon. In short Gentlemen, we are bound to fight for our Honour——and we must save the King to obey our Master——

Leri. But if I be kill'd, how can I save the King?——

Laufon. Therein you must use your Discretion——A good Souldier may fight with Discretion——and make an honourable Retreat both at the same time——

La Hoquette. And you shall see Noble General, how discreetly we'll split a Hair between our Martial Honour and our Obedience to our Master——our Lives for yours, we'll either Fight discreetly, or retreat discreetly——But a Pox of retreating——I scorn to retreat——Now I think on't, I can kill a hundred at a time for my own share, and fight with discretion——

Leri. Nay, if ye go to that, I know not how many hundred I may kill when I am thoroughly heated——for I remember I kill'd Forty once with my own hand in cold Blood——No, I'll never retreat unless I'm hard put to't——but if the Devil and Necessity drive me——then I must obey my Master——

'Tis Honour we seek, and Honour we'd have,

But with your kind Grace,

They search the wrong Place,

That look for it in the Grave.

SCENE!

SCENE VI.

James, Tyrconnel, Herbert, Powis, D'Avaux, Nugent.

James. The Critical Juncture's near at hand——Now my Lords, your best Advice——For my part, I believe that besides the Enemy that threatens us from the other side of the Water, we have a Shoal of Hereticks lurking in our Bosoms here at home——I could wish, with my Brother *Caligula*, they had All but one Neck——and then I'd make quick dispatch with 'em——

Herbert. I am apt to believe they are all disarm'd by This, Sir——

James. That's nothing——as long as they have Arms to their Shoulders, the Rogues will be doing Mischief——They have Plough-shares, and Plough-tails, and I'm afraid, too many rusty Siches still left——Pox a' those Siches, They had like to have ruin'd me in the West of *England*——I would not have my Men mow'd down a second time by Barley-cutters——

Powis. I don't believe, Sir, there's a Considerable Protestant but what is in Jail——they tell me the Prisons are stov'd with 'em as thick as Loaves in a Brown Bakers Oven——I am sure the Priests are abroad in every Nook and Corner under your Majesties Jurisdiction——and the Devil's in't if a Protestant Thrasher escape 'em——I am certain they want neither Diligence nor Malice——

James. I'm afraid the Rogues don't starve fast enough in Jail——

Nugent. I know of nobody that relieves 'em——some of 'em were carry'd naked to the Dungeon——and tho they begg'd but the covering of an old Blanket to cover their Nakedness, it would not be granted——More than this, the Jailors have order to feed 'em as if they had been sentenc'd for standing mute at their Tryals——There's nothing wanting that Catholick Zeal and Providence can do——

James. Are they not Chain'd?——

Nugent. No, Sir, They are kept weak and low enough. I'll warrant ye——You may trust 'em Male and Female together without any danger of Procreation——

James. This is something to the Point, I must confess——But what must we do to disperse the main Cloud that hangs over our Heads?——

Nugent.

Nugent. May it please your Majesty, I have read of a Story somewhere, I can't at present remember where—but I am sure I have read it, of a certain King of the *Moabites*, that being afraid of the Children of *Israel*, sent for one *Balaam* a Conjuror to curse 'em——Is there never a *Trubemius* or an *Agrippa* of a Jesuit, that could Summon up all the Plagues of *Egypt* together to help a distressed Prince at a Dead Lift?——One Star of the first Magnitude well unhing'd by an expert Charmer, would squeeze the whole Camp of the *Herericks* into Pancake-Batter——I have heard of Showres of Wheat, and Showres of Fire that have formerly fallen at the first word of a devout Saint——

James. I have said it, and will say it again——there is no more trusting to Heaven in these cases——for I find by my Wives last Miscarriage, that Wonders from Heaven are ceast, and that there is a General Embargo upon Miracles in the Upper Regions——

Herbert. A desperate Disease must have a desperate Cure——Did your Majesty ever make use of the Lower Regions yet——

James. I believe I have sent some that way in my time——but they were my Enemies, and perhaps did me more harm than good——

Herbert. We read that *Ulysses*, who was the cunningest Dry-boots of his time, and *Eneas* who was the Greatest Hector in *Europe*, and a Pious Prince to boot, when they were both at their Wits end, took a short Fegary to *Avernus*, and having there consulted the greatest Politicians of that place, return'd again so well freighted with Council and Advice, that they got quit of all their Enemies, and dy'd i' their Beds——Your Majesty has as short a Cut to *Avernus* as any of those Heroes here in your own Kingdom through *St. Patrick's Hole*——You may take *Father Hall* along with you, and be back in three days at farthest——There you will meet *Matchiavel*, *Richlieu*, *Mazarine*, *Sixtus Quintus*, my Lord *Jefferies*, and several others that will be ready to aid you with their Advice for nothing——And this I hold to be the wisest Course your Majesty can take, as being the only Remedy that preserv'd those Hero's, when all other means fail'd——

James. Would you be willing to bear me company, my Lord?——

Herbert. With all my Heart——and would be contented your Majesty should leave me behind with my Breach cleaving to a

Stone, as *Thesaur* left his Friend *Piribons*, if it might be to your Majesties Advantage——

James. A very great Complement indeed, my Lord——but you know I have done so many ill things by your Lordships Advice, that I dare not trust to the Devils Curtesie——

Tyrcon. Sir, you may think what you please——you may do what you please——you may go to *Avernus* if you please——when all's done 'tis the Sword must decide the Quarrel——You have a brave and a numerous Army here, you have Friends in *England*——and if the Cock-match do but hit we are made——

Powis. Ay, if the Cock-match hit, 'twill spoil His Highness's Journey for *Ireland* I'm sure——and I can't well devise how it should miss, if his Majesty of *France* be not too penurious of his *Leuidore's*——

D'Arvaux. My Lord, my Master's no Snale——He knows his own business——

Herbert. And then again the Distinction of a *King de Jure* and *de Facto* works like Butter in a Sows Tail——One rub 'tis true will turn a Bowl from the Jack——but here are many rubs in his Highness's way : if he gets over 'em all——I must contradict your Majesty and say, Miracles are not ceast——

James. The Prince is a good Gamester my Lord, and knows how to mend his next Cast, tho his first Bowl miscarry——

Herbert. Well——but suppose the Prince should come among us——won't he be treated with ?——

James. No, no——my Lord, I know him too well——He'll ne're come to Compositions——He'll have all or none——He's too well acquainted with my Brother of *France* and I, to trust the strongest Engagements we can make him, unless we so secure him, that it would be the same thing as if we should surrender up all into his hands——

Tyrcon. Why then we must trust to the Sword——They say Fortune assists the Daring——I am sure she never helps those that lye i' the Ditch and cry God Help 'em——Men that resolve to dye are easily Masters of other Mens Lives——Besides there is one thing more your Majesty does not think of——I have heard of *Jacob Clements*, and *Ravilliac*——'Tis true 'tis below Persons of Honour to make use of such means——but Necessity oft times constrains us to base Actions——

James.

James. I understand ye, my Lord—and have been often thinking of what you say—but I have been censur'd too severely already for my Brother's Death—and the business of the E. of *Essex*—and I am loath to expose my Memory to farther Ignominy—Besides, 'tis a work of Darknes, not fit for present Consultation—

Powis. Time, Sir, prays upon your Life as well as upon Ours—Something therefore must be done with Expedition—

James. You rather Teeze than Advise me my Lord—what is that you would have me to do with so much Expedition?—Have you got your Tools ready?—if you have, set 'em to work—Your *Clements's* and *Ravilliac's* are not so soon tutor'd as you think for—Had I come sooner to the Throne—

D'Avaux. What said my Master?—Then you had been sooner turn'd out—

James. Consequently the sooner turn'd in again, if your Master's good Luck han't quite left him i'the Lurch—I fear I am come to the Ebb of his Fortune—

Powis. They say indeed there is a Fate in all things—A Man that is born to be Hang'd shall never be Drown'd—and he does but row against the Stream that contends with Fortune—

Herbert. Fortune is many times like a *Dover* Post-horse—she'll go so far and no farther—I wish she be not now in her Sullens—

Tyrcon. I care not a Fig for Fortune—she's a Jade of all Religions—she's a Heathen, a Turk, a Jew, a Catholick, a Heretick—she waited upon *Octavius Cesar*, a Pagan, to his dying Minute, but Deferts the Most Christian King when he has most need of her Assistance, and will not let him have a bit of good Luck but what he pays through the Nose for—But let her be as Wasphish as she will—I am perswaded she might be manac'd with Prudence, Courage and Diligence—Sir [*speaking to the King*] you must make the Stress of your Opposition at the *Boyne*—If the Prince get that Pass, we are all ruin'd—Had our Priests Faith enough to remove Mountains, half a Score of the biggest i'this Kingdom would be few enow to add to the Natural Fortifications of that place—But if the Prince had a hundred Mountains to clamber, He'll get over 'em all, unless you oppose him with Courage, Prudence and Diligence equal to his—Sir, you must oppose the Prince and his Fortune with those three Barricado's, or else a Rush for your Opposition—

D'Arvaux. *Jernegoy*, my Lord—you have put your Dread Sovereign upon the hardest Task he ever had in his Life—

Herbert. My Lord, you talk of Prudence, Courage and Diligence—Why those my Lord, are Virtues that never grew i'this Country—The Air of this Climate has a natural Antipathy against 'em, and will no more endure 'em, than it will Spiders or Nightingales—

Nugent. What need Forreign Manufacture, when we have Treachery, Bogs and *Newries* of our own Growth—Poyson all the Fresh Water i'the Country—and hang up the Protestants upon all the Trees i'the Road, and infect the Air with the Stench of their Carcasses—Strew the Grass with Rats-bane, to kill up their Cattel—My Lords, we have Zeal without knowledge—A good Rat-catcher would Kill a thousand of these Heretick Vermin in a day—

James. My Lords—heres one talks of Courage and Valour, another of Poysoning and Plaguing, and I know not what my self—but no body talks of Praying to Heaven for Success—

Tyrcon. Let the Church-men do that—they have nothing else to do—

James. Why then my Lord *D'Arvaux*, do you send into *France*—tell your Master how the case stands—advise him not to loose a Hog for a Hapoth of Tar—I'll send into *England*, and do something or nothing—And for you, my Lords, do you bustle about, ride about, run about, fly about, and about and about—take the Rope as well as the Butrer—if one slips t'other will hold—I know not what more can be said, or what more can be done—

SCENE VII.

Hall the Jesuit and Priests.

Hall. 'Tis true, 'tis a black Cloud, and gathers thicker and thicker—but I spake with the Queen of Heaven last night, and she assur'd me she would take care to disperse it—

i. Priest. I am afraid we are all out of the way; for the Queen of Heaven is but a Woman, and I fear me does not understand our Business

Business——We should pray to *St. Martin* and the Seven Champions, they understand Military Affairs and Fighting——

2. *Priest*. In truth Father *Hall*, we have been long enough Praying to Heaven without any considerable Success——I am afraid the Saints there are all turn'd Protestants——And therefore I would that we should now turn our Devotions downward, and send to *Gog* and *Magog*; there are they two, and General *Belzebub* would bring along an Host of Infernal Hussars able to conquer all the Cantons of *Switzerland*——

Hall. How wickedly you talk Father——'tis the Interest of the Saints to favour our Cause——I'm sure there's no Religion in the World that pays them that Respect which we do——All the Hereticks slight 'em, unless the School-boys for the Holy days sake——Nay some are such Clowns, as not to admit 'em the Title of Saint, but call 'em plain *Thomas* and *Matthew*——

2. *Priest*. And is there any Religion in the World that pays more respect to *Gog* and *Magog*, and *Belzebub* as we do?——The *Turk* does not pay so much——Come Father, I am for driving that Nail that is most probable to go——

Hall. I tell ye Father, you talk wickedly——and I am afraid our wicked Lives fight against us more than any thing else——Come, Fathers, let us come to Confession a little among our selves——I must confess, my Father was a Cook, and dealt in Raw Flesh; but he told me 'twas never so good as when it was warm, if it were not over much Roasted——and I must confess I have lov'd, and do love, and so did my Mother before me, a piece of warm Flesh——And I confess, I have been conniving at, and assisting to help others to warm Flesh——And half a Score Drams of your Absolutions, Fathers, will expiate for what I have done——

1. *Priest*. I must confess I had once a very great Passion for a young Gentlewoman that was Marry'd, and she had as great an Affection for me; but not finding an Opportunity to couzen her Jealous Husband, I ordered her to counterfeit her self Sick, and to send for me to cure her with a Relick of a Saint that I had. Accordingly she did so, and sending for me, accordingly I went, and took one of my Brethren of the same Covent along with me, and while he was busie with the Maid, I employ'd my time with the Sick Mistress. But the Mischief was, that being like to have been surpriz'd by the Husband, for hast I left my Breeches behind; and had it not been for a Fetch that the Devil put into her Head.

Head (I shall love him the better for't as long as I live) we had both been discover'd. But she told her Husband my Breeches were the Relick of the Saint that had cur'd her, and that I had left 'em behind at her Request in case her Fits should return again, and so all was well. Was that any Sin, Father, to cure a Sick Lady? If it be, I must confess I have committed many a one of the same Nature.

Hall. Look ye, Father, here we must consider the Intention of the Thing; for if the Intention were to cure the Lady, 'twas a good Intention——

1. *Priest.* But she was not Sick, but only feign'd her self Sick——

Hall. That was nothing to you——you had nothing to do to examine whether she counterfeited or no——you found her Sick and you cur'd her——and so you fulfill'd a good Intention——And therefore Father they must be louder Sins than these that cry to Heaven and do us Mischief.

1. *Priest.* I must confess, I made Love to another marry'd Woman——and she put the Dice upon——for she appointed the Night at her own House, and when the time came, most wickedly put an Old Woman of Threescore and Ten to bed to me——I must confess the Old Grandame lost nothing by it, for *Fene* was as good as my Lady i'the Dark——But that was not all——the next Morning she sent for all she knew of her own and my Acquaintance, and expos'd me and my Female piece of wrinkled Antiquity, like *Vulcan* and *Venus*, to publick View; so that I was forc'd to forsake my Quarters, for fear of the rude *Castigations* of the Boys——

Hall. This was a Sin, Father, for you suffer'd your self to be gull'd by a Woman——and such Sins as these, that is, the Discovery of such Sins as These undoes us——For it exposes the Warts and Wens in our Sanctity as *Cham* uncover'd his Father's Nakedness——

2. *Priest.* Therefore Father, to avoid the Treacheries of Women, I learnt at *Rome*, a notable Wary Trick they have there to make use of the Male Sex——And I must confess I have had a great Passion for several pretty Youths——And I must farther confess, that I have at this time a very pretty Urchin that lyes with me every night——He has such a Winning Way with him, such a Charming Behaviour, and Twattles so like a Nightingale, that I cannot but I must chuck him under the Chin now and then——

Hall.

Hall. Take heed Father—I fear me this is that Sin which in the Hebrew they call *Sodomy*——

2. Priest. I question that, *Father Hall*,——I am apt to believe the Ancients were mistaken in the Signification of that word——I rather think the Inhabitants of *Gomorrab* made use of their Beasts, and that was their Crime——and therefore it was, that in Old times they ador'd their Deities in the shape of Beasts——I cannot believe so many of our great Cardinals and Bishops, Fathers of our Church, would set us such bad Examples, if *Sodomy* were a Crime——

Hall. I know indeed there was one of our Cardinals that wrote in defence of it——but I never heard of any that ever wrote in behalf of Adultery——

2. Priest. 'Tis certain Father, that He who commits one Sin, sins less than he that commits two at a time——Now he that commits *Adultery*, runs himself into Prodigality and Expence upon his Beloved, and at the same time invades his Neighbours Property——but a smooth Chinn'd Youth preserves a Man from the Guilt of both those Crimes——and who would go to a Crown Ordinary, when he may please his Appetite better for Six pence?——

Hall. 'Tis true indeed, we are born Flesh and Blood, and tho our Church forbids us to Marry, Nature will have its Course——

2. Priest. If Men did not sometimes commit Errors, there would be no need of Repentance——That's the Remedy which we are order'd to make use of for the attoning of Heaven in cases of Necessity and Distress——

Hall. Therefore Fathers, as we have been all great Sinners, I would have ye apply your selves to this Remedy——and make fair Weather with Heaven till the Storm be over——Our Affairs are now in a ticklish Condition——Then it will be time enough to break your Vows and Contracts with Heaven, when y'are at ease and in Prosperity——He that vow'd a Wax-Candle to the Holy Virgin as big as the Main Mast, when he was in danger to be cast away, thought her not worth one of Twelve to the Pound, when he was got safe a Shore——

1. Priest. Now, Father, you make me Scratch where it does not itch——But do you think, Father, there is any such danger of the Prince of Orange?

Hall.

Hall. I know not what to think on't Fathers——but exercise your *Cats a Nine Tails*——let every Man be a Whipping Tom to his own Flesh——Repentance you know sav'd *Nineveh*——

2. *Priest.* Now would the whole Universe were turn'd Topside Turvy, and *Satan* sole Lord of the Upper Regions——Sure *Satan* would not let the Cause of his Servants suffer——

1. *Priest.* You wish well, Father——but let us be whose Servants we will——I do not find that either Heaven or Hell takes any care of us——and for my part, of all Repentances I don't like this *Cat a Nine Tail Repentance*——This nointing a Mans Back with Sacred Oyl of *Whipcord*——

2. *Priest.* 'Tis no more than what the Proverb says——*Sweet Meat must have Sowre Sauce*——

1. *Priest.* Then give me leave to wish in my turn——that our Sowre Sauce may bring us Sweet Meat at length——When I Whip my self upon my own Accompt, I lay it on so gently, that if I should hit a Louse I should do it no hurt——but this Whipping upon a National Accompt, I dread the thoughts of it——It makes my Back sore before I touch it——

Hall. 'Tis a National Accompt indeed, Fathers——for if we loose this place, we loose all our Hopes in this World——and for the other, I am sure neither you nor I think of it——You loose the Fruits of all your Massacres and Rebellions——We loose the Fruits of all our Plots and Conspiracies——A *Jesuit* hitherto so Famous for his Politicks, will be lookt upon no better than a Jakes Farmer——His *Holiness* minds nothing but to keep the *Most Christian King* out of *Italy*——and the *Most Christian King* himself will have both his Hands too full to do us any good——Who would not Whip himself, as you may suppose *Jehu* Whipt his Horses, rather than this shali come to pass!——The way to Lash our Enemies is to Whip our selves——Lustily, Floggingly, Stourly, Robustiously, Vigorously——

1. *Priest.* Truly, Father, I fear the Mercy of my Hand——I should hardly torment my self at such a Rate, to save *Rome* from being sackt again by the *Goths* and *Vandals*——Can you think of no other, but this *Drive on Carman* way to save this poor *Island*?——Well——I have it now——and I hope my Ingenuity will secure my Shoulders——Come Fathers, come along with me——

SCENE

A C T. II. Scene 8.

Tyroonnel, Primate, Nugent, Hall and Priests.

Tyr. **G**ood morrow, Fathers——what News brings you here so early?——

1. Priest. We have been up, my Lord all Night, at our Devotions, and something Heaven has inform'd us of, for publick good.

1. Priest. My Lord, we humbly conceive, here has been a very great neglect——for numbers of Men signify little without a Blessing from above.

Prim. Have you brought those Blessings along with you, Fathers?

1. Priest. No, my Lord——but we wonder they have not bin sent for all this while, from the *Fountain* where they are to be had upon Earth——We have heard of several Princes, that have been presented with Consecrated Swords, and Belts, and Hats of great value by St. Peter's Successor; by virtue of which they have wrought Miracles, and won mighty Victories, to the unspeakable Propagation of the *Holy-Church*; but we hear of none of these Consecrated Swords that have been sent to our Sovereign, or so much as desired in his behalf.

2. Priest. I should rather advise, that his Holiness might be sent to for a hundred thousand Consecrated *Asses Jaw-Bones*——for by that means might every one of our Souldiers prove a *Sampson*——Or else I would have his Holiness to send us St. Peter's Sword——(for if he has his Keys, there is no doubt, but he has his Sword too)——for then would I undertake, that if our Souldiers should but touch their Weapons with that Sword, they would receive a particular Virtue from it, as a Million of Needles from the touch of one *Load-stone*; and then would every single Souldier kill a thousand Hereticks.

Tyr. I do not understand, Fathers, any need we have of recurring to such extraordinary Miracles.——

2. Priest. No, my Lord, if all Men, had your Lordships Resolution; but the fears of Men, and causes of their Fears, are as various as their Faces——They are all *Godfrey of Bullens*, till they see their Enemies——but then this thing frights 'em, and t'other thing scares 'em——and then run, he that can run fastest.——

Tyr. Why therefore 'tis, Fathers, that while we are a going to fight, you must pray for the Success.

Priest. Alas! my Lord, we are Men of Frailty as well as others,
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and therefore I have always observed, that one *Pious Fraud* is worth a hundred *Pious Ave-Maries*——Of those your Lordship knows that we have many——and never did the Difficulties of our Holy Mother the Church, more than now, require the practice of them.

Primate. For those things, take your own Courses, Fathers, you know the Duties of your Functions——and have my Power for your assistance.

4. *Priest.* My Lord, pray send for half a score Officers and Soldiers—— you shall then see what Course we intend to take.

Enter Officers and Soldiers to them.

1. *Priest.* Gentlemen, you are sent for hither, to let you understand, that you are now to fight for your Holy Mother the Church, your King, and your Country.

2. *Officer.* By my shoal, Fathers, we know all this——but Fathers, however Lives sweet.

3. *Officer.* And then again, Fathers, 'tis well known, that we *Natives Irish*, have a strange *Antipathy* against Farting——but the English great Gums keep such a Bouncing and Roaring, as if all the Winds in the *Compass* were in their Breathes, and they spit Fire, and spit Lead and Iron at such a rate, that we must confess, they make a great fear upon us sometimes.

4. *Priest.* But you are Soldiers and Men of Honour——and such have always held it better to dye bravely in the Field, than to live in Slavery, without your Laws, your Estates and Religion. And who would not rather choose to dye a Martyr, and go immediately to Heaven, than live Bog-trotting and stealing of Cows upon this miserable Earth?

5. *Officer.* But I have been a leud Liver all my Life, I must confess, and you tell us so often of a *Damnation* to come——that many times it makes me rather choose to live a little longer, than to be poshted out of this World I know not whither.

6. *Priest.* As for that, Gentlemen, you shall have Pardons in your Pockets, under the Hands and Seals of his Holiness, for all the sins that ever you Committed, of what nature soever——so that all who are slain, shall go to Heaven forthwith, before a Cat can lick her Ear——Nay, there shall be a Note taken of their Names, and they shall all be Canoniz'd too——There they shall sit all the day long, and eat *Ambrosia*, and drink *Nectar*, which are as far beyond *Bonny Clapper* and *Uisqubagh*, as *Uisqubagh* and *Bonny Clapper*, are beyond

Or, the Conquest of Ireland.

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beyond dead small Beer and Poor John. There they shall be attended with lovely young Girls with golden Waistcoats, and azure Petticoats, to play with, and sing 'em asleep. There they shall sit with Crowns upon their Heads, commanding every one a Province as big as all Ireland. These are the Rewards of those that are slain in the defence of the Holy Churches Cause.

4. *Officer.* But suppose our Brethren are rif'd, and our Pardons taken out of our Pockets.

4. *Priest.* That will signify nothing.——*St. Peter* shall let you in for all that.——you will be known by your very Deaths Wounds.——Why, look ye Dear Joys, in whom do you believe?

1. *Officer.* We believe in the Virgin *Mary* and *St. Patrick*,

4. *Priest.* And don't you believe the Cause of the holy Mother the Church, to be a good Cause?

2. *Officer.* Yesh, by my shoule do we.——

4. *Priest.* Why, then y'are worse than Turks, if ye don't fight to the last gasp in a good Cause.——For the Turks believe they never shall dye till their time appointed be come——and that has made 'em so victorious——if your time be come, it matters not whether you be slain by a Bullet, or a fall down Stairs in your *Usquebah*——if your time be not come, all the Bullets in the Kingdom can never touch ye.

3. *Officer.* By my shoule, Father, if the whole Army were as well satisfied as we, they would fight like so many Lyons for their Preas——what say you, Dear Joys?

4. *Officer.* We say as you say,——and we say as the Fathers say,——and the Fathers have made great satisfactions upon us, by *St. Patrick*.

Hall. You speak like noble Champions of the Charch——go then, and inculcate these things into the minds of your Fellow Dear-Joys, and we'll be sure so to be with you every day, to confirm you in your Resolutions.

Execunt Officers and Souldiers.

4. *Priest.* Look ye, my Lord, this is the only way to make these People fight——For if the considerations of future Beatitude, so sensual as we make it, won't do, nothing else I am sure will do it. And therefore, my Lord, you see we have made it as sensual as that of *Abraham*.

Primate. I like your way very well, Fathers; therefore come

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to me, and I'll let ye have Pardons by the *Bushel*——you may get what you can from the Commanders——but let the Common Souldiers have 'em for nothing——Brass Money signifies little at *Rome*.——

Nugent. There is one way more, we have forgot, which is the Turkish way, to intoxicate their Souldiers with *Opium*, before they engage——for since the most Christian King makes use of the Turkish Force, we may as well make use of the Turkish Policy——Put *Opium* in their Snuff, and they rush into Battle, and fight for a time, like Game-Cocks——so that the Enemy will never be able to withstand their Lubberly Multitude.

Tyrcon. This way, or that way, or any way, so we can but get 'em to stand the Brushes they are like to endure——And therefore Fathers, try the force of your Divinity-Magick.

4. *Priest*. We'll do all that lyes in our Power, you may be sure, my Lord.——

*'Twas we that made 'em formerly rebell,
And now we hope to make 'em fight as well,*

ACT. II. Scene 9.

LANZUM, Lutterel, Tyrconnet.

LANZUM. **W**ould you not have the King, Sir, keep his Agreements with my Master:——You know, that when your self, together with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen Addressed him about this Business, in hopes that he would still confide in you and them to govern *Dublin*, the King made answer, that he had past his Word to his Brother *Lewis*, that I should have the Government of *Dublin*, and therefore could not recede from it.——

Tyrcon. Sir, I am as yet chief Governour of this Kingdom under my Master, King *James*, and believe the Town to be already in safe hands.——

Lut. What Contracts our Master made when he was abroad under your Masters Power, are invalid in his own Dominions.——

LANZUM. Is it so? Then 'tis time for me to return home again with my Masters assistance.——

Tyrcon. Of what?

LANZUM. Of five thousand old beaten Souldiers.——

Tyrcon. For which you had the same Number of new raised Men, which a Winters Discipline, would soon make as fit for service, as the best Men in your Masters Army.

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Lianzno. Did not my Master furnish you with Wine, Frute, Brandy, Hops, Tobacco, and other Commodities?

Tyrcon. And did not you carry off our Butter, Cheese, Wool, Raw Hides and Tallow; and did not the King release seven pound ten shillings upon every Tun of your Wine?

Lianzno. That's nothing to the purpose——if you quarrel with my Master——you'll lose the best Card in your Pack——and therefore I demand the Keys of the City and Castle, as by agreement between my Master and yours.

Tyrcon. Not so fast, Sir,——who's King in Ireland, your Master or ours?

Lianzno. I know no King in Ireland, but my Master *K. Lewis*, and therefore once more in his Name I demand the Keys of the Castle and City.

Lntt. One would think the Keys of the City should serve your turn——there's room enough to quarter your handful of men——

Lianzno. Sir, My Master does not use to be contented with Cities, unless he may have the Citadels that command 'em.

Tyrcon. Then it seems your Master intends to make a Conquest of this Kingdom,——marry so far as hitherto, it comes easie enough to him.

Lianzno. I know not what my Master intends to do——I am not of his Council——but this I am sure of, that private Men never lend great Sums, but upon good Security.

Tyrcon. Thus Prodigal Heirs, when hungry, sell their Birth-Rights for a Mess of Porridge.

Enter *K. J.*

K. J. Why so much colour in your faces here, my Lords?——This is no time for Heats and Quarrels.

Lntt. Here's General *Lianzno*, Sir, demands the Keys of your City and Castle of *Dublin*——I know not how I have transgress'd in my fidelity to your Majesty, but that I may be still entrusted with them as well as He; Does your Majesty intend the *French* shall make a *Palatinate* of Ireland?

James. Peace, *Lnttel*,——you are too hot.

Lntt. Would it not vex, Sir, any Man of Mettle to be degraded from his Honour, to oblige an *Alien*?——Give him the rest too, and save nothing for your self, but empty Name.

James. Intreague of State, above thy reach, and private Contract between my Brother *Lewis* and my self, command thy swift Obedience.

Lntt.

Lutt. Then take your Keys, Sir, and dispose of 'em at your pleasure; it shall never be said that my hand ever did so poor an Act—however give a loser leave to speak—Had you kept your word but half so well with your *English* Subjects, as you do with the *French*, you had never been reduc'd to this.

[*Exit Lutt.*]

James to Lauzune. My Lord, Losers will sometimes be in passion, tho' they lose their money never so fairly—He's honest, tho' forgetful of his Duty at this time—Besides Severity would be unreasonable at such a juncture as this—'Tis sufficient for you that I have kept my Promise with your Master—You see the Keys are yours; you may now go take possession when you please.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. Scene 10.

Lauzune, Solus.

Begar me dank de King for noting—He delivre me de Key of dis Gran Citce, and of de Chastel das command it, begar, because he know no vich way to clp himself—begar me Maitre tank a de King vor noting—begar he dare as vel tack a de Bear a by de toot, as disoblige a mee Maitre—Begar mee Maitre be de gran King of de varle—and begar me bee de gran Prince of *Irlanda*—begar me make a de King submeet a to mee, mee varrant him—mee a got de possession of de gran Citce of *Dubleen*, and of de Castel, and mee keep a dem bot begar, or if dey voice a mee to run a de way—mee run a de way by de light of 'em—begar me set all on de veete, mee burn, burn, kill, kill, and make all as plain as my pail—but first mee plundra all de Hereticks, and de Papists boat—mee make up mee hundla mee garant mee—

Foutre Diable of de Gran Prince of *Irlanda*,

That can't lick his fingra, having all at commanda.

ACT

ACT III. Scene 1.

King, Tyrconnel, Hamilton, Primate, Nugent,
MacGillicuddy, Butler, Talbot.

MY Lords, I make no question but you hear the News of the P. of *Orange's* being Landed, and my Intelligence from *England*, confirms the number of his well provided Forces——He comes with all the Preparations of a Great, a Prudent, and a wary Captain——And now he's come, I know he will not trifle time away——In the mean time *sh's* quiet in *England*——not a Mouse stirs in my behalf, and that perplexes me——I wish I were well rid of this unwelcome Guest——but ugly fears possess me.——

Tyr. However shew 'em not, Great Sir, that will dishearten all the rest.——

James. No, My Lord, not so neither; I'll have one brush for't, you may be sure, what e're comes on't——But you know, my Lord, we must be forc'd to leave *Dublin*, but thinly mann'd behind us——and 'tis a fowl Nest of Hereticks——I wish they had bin all transported long ago.

Tyr. You know, Sir, that was debated in Council at the beginning——But then it was found, that all the *Butchers, Brewers, Bakers, Clothiers, Weavers, Taylors, Shoemakers, Hat-makers, Smiths, Carpenters*, and other *Artizans* were Hereticks, so that had they bin remov'd, your Souldiers could have had neither Meat, Bread, nor Drink, nor Cloaths to wear, nor Carts to carry their Provision and Ammunition into the Field; nor would your Majesty have had a Mint and Workmen to Coin your Brass and Copper.——

Nugent. However, Sir, there is Order taken to secure the Hereticks safe enough——Your own Example in *England*, in *Monmouth's* time, has taught us to confine 'em all with in the Churches, Hospitals and Jayls of the City, 'till the Business be well over; and then you may make Bonfires of 'em for your Victories.——

James. Well then, that care's over——But how stands the Army affected for fighting? are they in the same brave humour they were in, when I last took a view of 'em.——

Tyr. I think so, Sir, they show the same Symptoms of Valour

as ever, they Drink as hard, Swear as hard, tofs about your Health as fast, Bounce, and Rant, and Swagger as loud as ever, and quarrel with one another as much as e're they did—and why they should not fight the Enemy as Boldly and Courageously as they Duel one another, I know not—This I dare say, they will either fight or run away; but that's left to their Discretion—

James. Well, but to come more close to the Business—you see the *Newry's* lost, and you all agree that if we lose *Ardee*, the *Boyne* is the next Pass to be defended—so that it looks like stopping one Torrent by another—

Hamilton. Goads Bread, and I'll undertake to hold the Enemy play there this whole Summer—or I'll give him leave to make a whistle o' my Tail—

James. Bravely said, *Hamilton*—but is the River fordable?—for if it be—

Ham. What if it be? I'll have it undermin'd, and blow 'em up, if they offer to set foot in the water—

James. Greatly said again, *Hamilton*—But I have heard that Old Prince *William of Nassau*, had such a Trick of passing Rivers, that Duke *d'Alva* put the Question, whether his Army had wings or no—Now suppose our Enemies should have such a knack.

Ham. Bread a Goad, Sir, I have men under my Command, that will kill a Sparrow or a Tit-Mouse flying, much more a Horse or a Man; if they do not fly in the Night.

James. But what if they do—

Ham. What if they do? Why then bread a Goad, Sir, I have a way to prevent that too, by driving stakes into the ground, all along this side of the River, for many Miles together, with their upper ends as sharp as Needles—so that when they come to light, they must of necessity spit themselves with their own weight—A General without Stratagems, is like a Mountebank without his Receipts.

James. Well, my Lords, if we can but stop him ten days, I make no question but to see an Alteration of the Weather in our Affairs—for I have certain intelligence from Our Brother of *France*, that he has so ordered it in *England*, that the Prince's Fleet will not fight, but leave the *Dutch* in the Lurch, if they presume an Engagement—so that the *French* being Masters of the Sea, we shall have what Assistance we desire here, besides a numerous Invasion of *England* it self, to joy'n with our Friends in that Kingdom—

My

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My Brother of *France* well knows that if I fall, his Universal Monarchy must sink——My Lords, these are my hopes, and these my Fears——

Talbot. Does your great Game, dear Sir, depend upon a ten days stop—that's too too mean, to beg of *hoary Time*——We'll make it *Agamemnon's* Toyl to gain the *Boyn*——I scorn to fly——

Ham. And so do I——

Gillicuddy. And so do I——

Butler. And so do I——Unless the Souldiers turn their backs and Flie——For 'twas never my ambition to fight whole Armies alone.——

Enter an Irish Souldier, staring and Breathless.

Tyr. How now, Fellow-Souldier——what News?——

Sould. By my Shoule, Dear Joy, very bad——I wath one of those that was set to guard the *Pass*, within four miles of the *Newry*; and there we had news that the *Danes* and the *Dutch* were advanced as far as the *Newry*——presently they sent us word, that if we burnt any more Houses, they would give no quarter either to *French* or *Ee-rish*——By and by we saw a Party of them appear at a distance——and by *St. Patrick*, they look'd all like your *Sbarazens*, with turn-pike Beards on each side their Mouths, as sharp as Boars Tushes——which made such a great fear upon us, that we presently quitted the *Pass*, and made haste to *Ardee*, my Dear Joy——Had your Lordship bin there, my Dear Joy, you would have done the shame, by my Shoule——

Tyrcon. Could you observe their Number?

Sould. By my shoule, dear Joy, I believe there might be about thirty Thousand——

Tyrcon. How! thirty Thousand, Man!

Sould. By my shoule, they made so great fear upon me, that I have hardly yet recovered my self——By *St. Patrick*, I am shure there was great many more than four hundred——

Tyr. Well, is this all you can say?——

Sould. Yesh, by my shoule——and I think enough too——

K. J. A very good beginning, by my Troth——This is just Hey, pass and be gone——If the Conclusion be no better——

Ham. You are not, Sir, to judge of all the rest, by the Cowardise of one Rascallion Slave——Let 'em enjoy a Trivial Pass or two——

And let them all their Numerous Forces joyn,
There's nothing won, till they have won the *Boyn*.

G

ACT.

A C T III. Scene 2. Representing a
Sutler's Tent.

Three Irish Captains, 3 Irish Lieutenants, 3 Irish Ensigns, Sutler.

1. Capt. **W**ell——Dear Joys, what shall we drink this Morning——

Omnes. E'en what you please, Captain——

1. Capt. Hey, Sutler,——what's the best Liquor by St. Patrick, now.

Sutler. All's best, my dear Joys,——Claret, White-Wine, Brandy, *Uisquebagh*,——which you like best——

1. Capt. Then bring us half a dozen Bottles of Claret——better we drink it, than the *Hereticks* have it——

[They all drink three or four *Healts* about, and then cease.]

1. Capt. Well——my dear Joys, have ye been at the King's Tent this Morning? How goe Squares——

2. Capt. Yesh, I was at the King's Tent——There was all in deep Considerations and Consultations——not a great Officer to be spoken with; and so I left 'em by St. *Pantrick*——

3. Capt. What think you on't, Captain——how does the Pulse of your Heart beat?——For by my shoule, the Prince will make a quick pufft fort——he encamps in the Plains of *Dundalk* this Night——and then by my shoule, he will be with us to Morrow——

1. Capt. By my shoule, my Heart beats but faintly——The Devil tauke me now, if I do love these *French Men*——They begin to *Fyranniffe* over us already——

1. Lieutenant. By St. *Pantrick*, I had like to have run my skein——through a *French Captain's* Guts but t'other Night, for calling me *Eerish Teague*——however, I sung a Glass of Wine in his Fash——and had we not been parted, I had let the Sun through his Body——

2. Lieutenant. By my shoule, I will fight for his Majesty, for my Relishions, and for the Holy Fathers the *Preisths*, but I will not fight for the *French*——

3. Lieutenant. By St. *Pantrick*, a Son of a ten thousand Fathers of a *French Man*, told me to my Fash t'other day, that he knew no King in *Ireland*, but King *Lewis*——I could ha' kickt him to Hell, had I thought him worth the Devils acceptaun——

1. Capt. Why this, by my shoule, it is, *dear Joys*, that makes the Pulse of my Heart beat so faintly——By St. *Pantrick*, I am
in

in a quandary whether I shall fight or run for it.

1. *Ensign*. By my shoule, *dear Joy*, if I see you run, I'll follow with the Colours—

2. *Ensign*. By my shoule, Captain, I think it nonsense to fight for the French against his Majesty—

1. *Captain*. By St. *Patrick*, I think we shall be all of one mind by and by—

3. *Ensign*. I don't know, noble Captain, that ever we true born Irish, ever disagree'd among our selves in these points—

2. *Capt*. Suppose we should get the day, and the French should come in and overrun our Wives and Foster Sisters,—what should we get by that?—

1. *Lieutenant*. 'Tis true, I could be as cruel as another to another, but not to my self— but he's cruel to himself, that fights for him that intends him a mischief—

3. *Capt*. And therefore 'tis, that I like the way of Massacring Heretick, much better than fighting with Hereticks—'Tis a more Compendious way, and done with less trouble—

1. *Capt*. Why then, *dear Joy*, what think ye of make Petitions to his Majesty, that the business may be decided by most at three throws, I have a lucky hand at flinging sometimes—

3. *Ensign*. Or suppose you should lose—the difference would be determined without Bloodshed—and the Chance of Fortune the same—

1. *Ensign*. Or, let three to three, set foot to foot, and they that fall first, lose all—

1. *Capt*. No, *Ensign*—there would be no Chance in that—for then the *Danes* or the *Dutch* would be sure to win—But what need all this dispute?—We are safe as yet—there's a Wall of Water between us; nor any thing but their Cannons can hurt us—and I hope that none of us were ever so Curs'd in our Mothers Bellies, to be killed with a Cannon Bullet upon dry Land—Hark—by St. *Patrick* the Drums are in an Up-roar—There's Mischief at hand by Crech—*Ensign* look out, and see what's the matter—

Ensign goes out and returns.

1. *Ensign*. The Enemy's in view—and we are all Commanded to our Posts—

1. *Capt*. Nay then, if they are so valiant, as to fight with two the most mischievous of all the four Elements at once, let every man do as God and St. *Patrick* direct him—

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

ACT III. Scene 3.

Messenger, D. of Berwick, Sarsfield.

Mess. Pardon, great Sir, the Tydings which I bring,
Of a lost Kingdom, and a vanquish'd King.

D. of B. Speak out the dreaded Truth——I fear my Royal Fa-
ther still proves unsuccessful——

Mess. Just as you say, Sir,——Free Passage o're the Boyne the En-
emies has gain'd——Your Royal Father's Forces routed and disper-
sed——and he himself halting once more to reembark for France——

Sarsfield. Curse o' my Sear, that I must be detach'd that day——
I would have wrested Victory out of Heretick Fortunes hands——

D. of B. Wert thou in the Engagement, Friend?

Mess. I was one of your Royal Father's Guard that day——and
being posted where he stood, beheld the whole Action——

D. of B. Then give us the best account of it thou canst——For in
his Letter to me, my Father only tells me, I must shift for my self——

Mess. upon the 30th of June, the Enemy encamp'd within sight
of us, the River Boyne being between us and Them——but it seems
the *D. of Orange* did not think fit to Enterprise any thing that day,
in regard the Body of the Infantry and Artillery did not come up
till late——however we could discover him riding to and fro to view
the Posture of our Army, and judg'd it was he, by the Attendance
that hover'd about him, which made us fire with two Pieces of six
pound Ball among the Thickest——but as if all our Bullets had
been Huguenots, not one would touch him, but one that only kissed
the top of his shoulder, and whispered him in the Ear, as if For-
tune had only sent to welcome him to the Boyne, and encourage him
the more to our Ruine.

Sarsfield. Damn'd Traytor of a six Pounder——No wonder we
go thus to rack, when our Bullets won't do their Office——

Mess. The next day, we were first attack'd by a great Body of
the Enemy, under Count Schomberg, who having pass'd the River
near to Slane, forc'd his way through eight hundred Dragoons that
guarded the Ford, and being reinfors'd with fresh Succours, after a
small resistance, routed all that oppos'd him, and drove them as far
as Duleek.

Sarsf. That word small resistance makes me mad——why small
resistance, i'the Devils Name?——Small Resistance and small Beer,
are

are much at one——May they be accurst, and never taste strong Drink more, for their *small-Beer Fighting*——

Mess. On the other side, the *Danes and Dutch*, in a great Body, took the stream like so many *shag Spaniels*——and fighting up to the middle in the Water, beat off our Men, and gaining the Land, routed all before 'em——

Sarsf. The Devil take 'em for a Company of Sons of Water-Dogs——Where was *Lauzune* all this while?

Mess. Why, Sir, at the same time the *P. of O.* passing the River at the head of a great Body of Horse, attacked *Lauzune* with a Bravery to be extold, tho' in an Enemy, and forc'd him to give way; and at length to retire, finding himself abandon'd by the Foot——'Tis true, he retreated in good Order, after the loss of General *Hamilton* taken Prisoner——but the rest dispers'd and broken, some ran one way, some another——leaving all our Baggage and eight Pieces of Cannon as a Prey to the Victors——All that prov'd lucky to us in this Battel, was this, that Duke *Schomberg* was slain with a Carbine-shot, at the head of his Men, advancing to observe *Lauzune's* motions——

D. of B. Where was my Royal Father all this while?——

Mess. He stood upon a rising ground i' the Rear, out of harms way, where with Tears in his Eyes for a while he beheld the bad Condition of his Affairs——till at length my Lord *Tyrconnel* crying out with a despairing Voice, *Sauvez le Roy*,——and his Majesty, seeing his Army all in disorder, took care to save himself, and fled with all speed to *Dublin*——

D. of B. What was our loss?——

Mess. The loss of the whole Kingdom, an't like your Grace——

D. of B. I mean what our particular loss?

Mess. About fifteen hundred slain, and a great number of Prisoners——I forgot to tell you, Sir, there was one whole Regiment ran away, without so much as taking up their Arms from the ground where they had Regimentally laid 'em——

Sarsf. Those were Sparks of *Venus*, I'll warrant ye, Sir——such as had rather fight in a Brothel-House than in a pitch'd Field——a blessed story——Now the Devil take me, if all these Fellows do not deserve to be fairly hang'd out of the way, that we may have no more of the breed of 'em——Oh——Yonder I see some of the Rascals coming hither for shelter——

[The Scene discovers a great number of Fugitives running to *Sarsfield's* Body for security.

Enter

Enter half a score dusty Teagues.

Sarsf. Scoundrels where have you left your Arms?—

1. *Souldier.* By my shoule, *dear Joy*, we have left 'em behind us—

2. *Sould.* By my shoule, *dear Joy*, we made great fire upon the Enemies, till they came so near us, that we were afraid they would have taken us Prisoners, by *St. Pantrick*—

3. *Sould.* By *Creesh*, *dear Joy*, I club'd out the Brains of no less than seven Hereticks at one time—yesh marry did I—

Sarsf. I warrant they were dead before—

3. *Sould.* Yesh indeed were they, *dear Joy*,—but they made such fear upon me as they lay, that I resolv'd to kill 'em again—

4. *Sould.* By *Creesh* now, 'twas in my Thoughts to have fought like a Devil—but the Rogues sent us word, that if we did, they would give us no Quarter—and so when all run, I run for good Company—

Sarsf. The Deaths of drown'd Kittens in a Horse-Pond, attend ye all—What encouragement has a Man of Courage to entrust himself with such Vermin—I'de trust my self as soon in a Hare-Warren, against a Heard of Wolves—

5. *Souldier.* By my shoule, *dear Joy*, you do us wrong, we did as much as Men could do—but we met with Men that were more than Men—You know, *dear Joy*, it is a hard matter to row against the Stream—but these Men fought against the Stream, and yet beat us—They stood i'th' Water like Stakes,—and fir'd so fast out of the Water upon us, that we could not stand upon the dry Land—

D. of B. Come, Colonel, there's no help for no Remedy—'Tis my Royal Father's Misfortune to work with bad Tools—and the best Artist in the World can never make a Silk Purse of a Sows Ear,—

Sarsfield. However there's Life in a Muscle still—the *Hereticks* have not done all their Work yet—we have something still left, that will hold 'em play for some time—and if we can but get fresh Succours from *France*, we may be able to turn the Scales—or else at least to make an honourable Composition for our selves.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. Scene 4.

King J. Tyrconnel, Herbert, Mayor of Dublin,
and others.

K. J. **T**O Day a Man, to Morrow a Mouse——
Herbert. I must confess, I was in hopes I might have had
a Mace carried before me, as well as my Capital Enemy *Jes-*
series——

Tyrcon. Lose all in one day, without hopes of ever having a
Back Game to play! What will the World think of us?——
They'll say, surely we were either very Improvident, or very Con-
fident Gamesters, to hazard all at one Throw——

K. J. I must confess, I long mistrusted the Issue of this day,
and therefore it was, that I sent away *Trant*, to prepare Ships for
my return into *France* before the Fight——

Herbert. 'Twas ill foreboded, an't please your Majesty——
but by this you have acquired the Honour of being the greatest
Prince in the World; happy in your Misfortunes, to be both a
King, a Priest, and a Prophet; which is more than your Brother
Lewis can pretend to——A King without contradiction——
a Priest, as being of the Order of *Loyola*, and the Prophet of your
own Afflictions——

Fer. I wish I might have prov'd a false Prophet, tho' it had
cost me the spoiling of your Compliment, my Lord——But
there's no staying here——They are in quick pursuit I warr-
rant ye, after us——therefore send for the Mayor and Al-
dermen.

Herbert. They attend without, Sir——

Enter Mayor and Aldermen.

K. J. Gentlemen, I had a very good Army in *England*; but
when I had the greatest Occasion for them, they deserted me——
When I came into this Kingdom, I found my *Roman Catholic* Sub-
jects well equipped and prepared to defend my Cause. And tho'
I had been often told, that when it came to the touch, they
would never bear the brunt of a Battel, I would never believe
it till now. 'Tis true, they did not desert me as in *England*, yet
when

when it came to a Tryal, they basely fled the Field, and left the Spoil to my Enemies——So that hence forward I never more desire to head an *Irish* Army, and now am resolv'd to shift for my self; and so must you too. So, Gentleman, Farewell——

Mayor. Now is my Heart as heavy as a six Pounder——fit for nothing but a Grocer's Scales, to weigh Plums withal——and therefore to keep it from sinking to the bottom of my Belly, I hope my Brethren and I shall endeavour to lighten it this Night, with your Majesties Health before the Enemy comes amongst us——'Tis the last thing that we do for the departed, and so may Heaven grant you success with the same Benevolence, as we shall drink it with fidelity to your Cause——

Herbert. A pretty rough draught of Cordial Allegiance——yet something better than Grief in one hand, and Sorrow in the other——Withal, my Lord Mayor——I must tell ye, that tho' it has been often debated, in Case a Revolution should happen, whether upon deserting of *Dublin*, the City should not be fir'd, the King has consider'd of it, and thinks it too Barbarous to be done——for tho' he affects the *French* Modes in all other things, in that he does not——

Tyrcon. You see what a gracious Prince you were like to have had, and therefore let it be the last Act of your Obedience to repress all Insolencies of the Rabble, and keep all things quiet, till your new Guardians come, and then let them alone——

Mayor. And I think too, the Protestants may be all let out of their Confinements, without any Orders of the Lieutenantcy——

Tyr. Ay, Ay, my Lord, or else they'll let out themselves——farewel, my Lord——

K. J. Now, my Lords, let us post the next way to *Waterford*——for I'm resolv'd not to sleep till I get a Ship-board——

Herbert. Please your Majesty, I intend to bear you Company——

K. J. With all my heart, my Lord——I always love to have Justice o' my side.

[Exeunt.]

A C T.

A C T. III. Scene 5.

The Released Protestants and Papists meet in the Streets, the Papists fawn upon 'em.

Papist. O H Neighbour, well met——I am heartily glad to see you at liberty again——By my shoule, Neighbour, you cannot imagine how sorry I was at your Confinement——By Creech, Neighbour, I did all that lay in my Power for you——went and spoke in your behalf; till I was so snubb'd for my pains, that I was forc'd to pull in my Horns, for fear of being taken for one of you——

Protestant. Ay, Neighbour, I heard what pains you took——and I thank you for it most heartily——

Papist. Truly Neighbour 'twas always my Opinion, that our Clergy were somewhat too severe——I wish they had been more mild, it might perhaps have been better for 'em——I told 'em of their Rigour many times——but then they were presently Cock a Hoop——What are you a favourer of *Hereticks*?——and then my Mouth was presently stopt——

Protestant. Well, Neighbour, 'tis past now——and I pray God forgive 'em, for my part, I do——

2. *Papist.* O Neighbour, How I am overjoy'd at your deliverance——I protest, Neighbour, I offer'd to be your Bail, and carry'd another along with me, but it would not be taken——I think the Devil was in 'em to be so Cruel——I knew ye to be an Honest Man, and a just Dealer——and I would have paun'd all the Reputation I had in the World for ye, if they would have taken it——

Protestant. I thank you kind Neighbour, I am very well satisfied in the Truth of what you say——and I wish they would have taken your security, for I was almost stiff'd, we were so crouded together——

3. *Papist.* Neighbour! I protest I joy to see you out of your Trouble——did you never receive some inconsiderable trifling parcels of Money by a private hand——I know they were not worth speaking of——but I'll assure you, upon the Word of a Christian, 'twas I that sent 'em——

Protestant. I'll assure you, Neighbour, they were very acceptable——

H and

and I most cordially thank you for it—I knew Neighbour, 'twas your Charity, by the private mark you us'd to give your Money—

Papist. And did not at other times, the same private hand, bring you meat and drink?

Protestant. Yes, Neighbour, I must needs acknowledge it—

Papist. I'll assure ye 'twas I that sent it—for I could not endure Men should be so cruelly us'd—

Protestant. I was not ignorant of your kindness, Neighbour—I knew the Meat by the dressing, and the Drink by the taste—for I knew you had your meat always well drest, and kept good Drink in your House—I hope I may live to retaliate your Courtieses—

4. *Papist.* Your most humble Servant, Mr. Clonmell.—

Protestant. I do not know you, Sir—

Papist. It may be so, Sir,—but were not you for two years together most violently tormented with the Head-ach—

Protestant. Yes, Sir, I was so, but when King James was here, coming over *Essex Bridge* late i'th' Night, from visiting some Protestant Relations, some body or other, without the least provocation in the World, gave me a cut o' the Head about seven Inches long, to my great ease as it prov'd, for the Pain has never troubl'd me since the Cure—

Papist. I'll assure ye, Sir, upon the word of a Christian, 'twas I gave you that Cut—for by my skill in Surgery, I knew there was no other way to Cure ye—And I did it unexpectedly, for fear you would have been unwilling to have undergone the Cure, had you been told of it beforehand—

Protestant. Truly Sir, 'twas a very great kindness, more than I deserv'd—and a very great Cure; and I'll assure ye, Sir, I shall recommend ye for a Curer of the Head-ach, to all I know that are in the same Condition that I then was—

[*Exeunt Papists—Protestants meet together.*]

1. *Protestant.* Who lately thought of an Alteration like this, so sudden and so Comfortable!—I could not reconcile my Bones to the hard Boards, for my life—they will hardly endure a Feather Bed yet, they are so sore—

2. *Protestant.* How did you find your House at your return—I'm sure they left me nothing but bare Walls—

3. *Protestant.* Truly Neighbour, I have not heard a Mouse stir in my House yet—I believe they all went after our Provisions to the Popish Habitations—and then for my Wares and Goods, they are all vanished—and yet I am sure when I left 'em, they

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they were all Corporeal Substances, that had they not been taken away, would never have mov'd of themselves——Certainly Carriage was very dear, during our Confinement——and I am apt to think they would have carry'd a way the very bare walls too, had they had time to pick down the Mortar.

3. *Protestant.* Certainly since the *Parisian* Massacre, never did Prince permit so much Barbarism to be committed in the Metropolis of a Kingdom.

5. *Protestant.* And yet now I cannot but smile——to hear our late Persecutors and Slanderers tell us, what private friends they were to us in our necessities, I to curry favour with us for fear of the same usage——But for my part, I don't believe a tittle they say——only I give 'em cheap good words.——

6. *Protestant.* That it was debated whether they should fire the City or no, in case they were forc'd to desert it, is apparent by the King's own confession——and it was no less plain, that those thoughts were laid aside, more out of fear of the little Mercy to be expected from an Enemy so enrag'd——than out of any Kindness to us——and therefore now we are free, let us have a care of the same Yoke again——I hope we shall fight a little better for our Deliverer——than these Caterpillars did for their King——and so if you please, let us go and Drink the best Health in the World, To King *William* and Queen *Mary*. [Exeunt.]

A C T III. Scene 6.

Tyrconnel, Lauzune, La Hoquette.

I Saw him Shipt off——and I could not but let fall some of my Radical Moisture at parting, but it was only like a short *April* Shower when the Sun shines——for indeed, under the Rose be it spoken, our King is not the man I took him for——no man more impatient for the loss of his Crown, no man more unwilling to venture himself for the recovery of it——

Lauzun. My Lord, my Master's a *Politician*, and will not let him venture——He has charg'd him to the contrary——For if he be lost, my Master loses the chiefest Instrument he has to disturb his most dreadful Adversary.——

Tyrconn. And when your Master finds he can do no good with him, what

what will he do with him then ?—For people have little Kindness for unfortunate Princes, especially those that shew themselves more careful of their persons, than of their Dominions. And therefore if this last Act of his have not quite extinguished that small Remainder of Affection which the *English* had for him, I think they are too blame, to be always venturing their Lives and Fortunes in a leaky Bottom—

Lauzun. What will you do then, my Lord ?—

Tyrcon. I'll e'en do as well as I can—I'll only stay to see *Lymerick* lost,——and then I'll consider—I must confess I have some Embers of gratitude still glowing for my Old Patron and Raifer,——and I would fain do as much for him as I could——

Lauzun. But what shall I do then, that have sold all to follow the Fortune of an Unfortunate Prince ?—I am loth to return home to my own Country to be laugh'd at——

Tyrcon. Faith, my Lord, I would advise you to carry your Brigade into the *Morea*, as *Hawksworth* the English Taylor, in *Ed.* the thirds time, got leave to march into *Italy*, then variously in Arms, where he serv'd them that gave most, with that success, that at length he had the honour to be buried in *Florence*, under a noble Monument, by the name of *Giovanni Acuto*. My Lord, when you have got your Men into the *Morea*, you may either side with the *Turk* your Master's great Crony, or with the *Venetian*, which gives most ; and by that means, after great Renown acquir'd, you may chance to be buried either in *St. Marks* at *Venice*, or else in the Chief Mosque in *Constantinople*——

Lauzun. I should be glad my Lord, of your Lordships Company, and be willing you should share as well in my Fame, as in my Funerals——

Tyrcon. Pardon me, my Lord, for being merry in'misfortune——an ounce of Mirth is worth a pound of Sorow——

Hoquette. But what shall I do then ?—I have no Brigades to carry either to the *Turk*, or any where else——

Lauzun. Oh ! *Lieutenant General*, you may return again to your Native Country without Reflections——

Hoquette. I think, my Lord, I have as much reason to complain as you——our Master might have sent some body else than us of his first of *April* Errands, into a Cowardly Country——What Honour did he think we could win among a Company of Captain Cut-puddings that never intended to fight——Had we not understood the Right *French* way of fighting

fighting savingly, we had been all cut to pieces——

Tyrcon. My Lords, I make no question but you have both of ye made up your Mouths pretty well——This Island affords good Staple Commodities, that are good Chaffer in *France*——and sure you did not burn so many Towns and Villages for nothing——certainly you skim'd off the Cream of the Spoil for your selves——

Hoquette. Something *begar* we have got you may be sure——but not so much as you think for, or we expected to gain——*Ventre Goy*, I was for plundering of *Dublin*, and then we might ha' fill'd both Pockets, Breeches and all——now we must be glad to get away with a Flea in our Ears, in Comparison, as well as we can——Would I were well safe once, where some of my Luggage lyes——

Lanzune. I wish I were any where but where I am——here I neither Command, nor am Commanded——but lye still for want of work, like a Brick-layer in Winter——*Morbien*, I thought to have been Prince of *Dublin* before this——

Tyr. I question, my Lord, whether that would have fallen to your share——

Lanzune. *Morbien*, had we beaten the Enemy, I could have beaten all your Men my self——and then I would have tryed who was Master, your King or ours——

Tyr. Ah, my Lord, I'me afraid you shew'd your Teeth too soon——and that was the reason our Dogs bit no clofer——

Enter Messenger.

My Lords, the English Army is certainly marching towards ye in two Bodies——One General *Douglas* Commands, the other is headed by the Victorious Prince himself——

Lanzune. We have been all along deluded with Stories and untruths——Where are your fifty thousand Men, my Lord, that were to rise in *England*?——

Tyr. Why, Sir, they are gone to joyn the twenty thousand Men your Master sent to take the Ple of *Wight*——don't your Lordship understand what belongs to false reports yet?——

Lanzune.

The Royal Flight:

LAUZUNE. Yes *Begar*, and to true ones too, my Lord—I with I had never given Credit to the true ones, and I had never lost my true Shouldier of Mutton, to snap at the shadow—

Enter second Messenger.

The Enemy comes on a-pace, and lyes this Night at *Goolin Bridge*—

LAUZUNE. Were I not now in an Island, I could find a hundred holes to creep out of this Labyrinth—I could joyn a hundred of my Master's Parties— But in this Lobs Pound, what the Diable shall I do with two thousand five hundred Men— Well, my Lords, I'll leave *Lymerick*, for that would be to shut my self up in a Pound, within a Pound, and retire to *Galloway*— There I shall either meet with Ships to carry off my Men— or else with new Reinforcements from my Master—

Was ever Man thus Bubbl'd *Ventregoy*,
To sell good Land to purchase a *Decoy*.

A C T. III. *Scene 7.*

Messenger, Lauzune, Tyrconnel, Berwick, Hoquette, Sarsfield, Talbot—

MY Lords, I come with Winds and Sails as diligent to hasten me, as I was zealous to bring you welcome Tidings from *St. Germain*.—

Berwick. Thou seem'st to have rather flown, than come by Sea—

Mess. With the same speed your Royal Father flew, who was at *Tredab* the Tenth of *July*, and the Twenty sixth at *St. Germain*.—

Berwick. And is my Royal Father well?—

Mess.

Mess. Upon the twenty sixth of *July*, your Royal Father arrived at *St. Germain's*, in the King of *France's* Coaches, accompanied by the D. of *Bouillon*——Great Chamberlain; who was sent to receive him in his Majesty's Name——

Ber. There's Honour still, and Royal Respect I see, shewn even to my Father's Misfortunes——what would be done to his Prosperity!——

Mess. The King went to visit him the same day, and receiv'd him with all the Testimonies of a Tender and Ardent Affection——And made him new Protestations to support him against his Enemy, and to employ all his Forces to restore him; nor did he shew him any signs of being dissatisfied with his Conduct——

Ber. There's new Consolation for ye, my Lords, to raise your sinking Spirits——

Lauzanne. I wish they may come quickly, or else I fear I shall be in the Sudds, before their Arrival—— [*fetching a deep sigh*——

Ber. Why d'ye sigh, my Lord?——

Lauzanne. [*Sighing again.*] I know my Master's a great Dissembler; my Lord, and I am well satisfied moreover, that he has other Fish to fry, than to employ all his Forces to assist your Royal Father——*Morbleu*, I don't like the beginning of the Story——Go on Messenger.

Mess. The Visit lasted above two Hours, and by the report of some that understand Affairs, 'twas not altogether spent in Complements——'Tis said also, that your Royal Father is to go aboard the *French Fleet*, and endeavour to land in *England*, where he hopes to find a Considerable Party that will declare for him——

Ber. I like this well——'Twas so order'd, to save my Father's Vow, who has determined never to head an *Irish Army* more——

Mess. The next Morning he went to *Versailles*, to visit her Majesty, and return'd that Evening to the Queen his Royal Consort——

Ber. And how did she receive him?——

Mess. [*After a little studying*] Um——why——an't like your Grace, there were some little Bickerings between 'em at first——but the next Morning she seem'd well contented.

Ber.

Ber. Ay——she's a Woman never bears Malice long in her Mind——

Mess. There's something more that I have to say, but I'm loth to out with it——

Ber. Out with it man——for fear of Choaking——

Mess. 'Tis said——there stops

Ber. Prithee go on——

Mess.——'Tis said, that all the Welcomes and Caresses which the King made your father, cannot reconcile him to the Esteem of the Court Grandees——They say that *William* was truly born to Command, and *James* to obey——and that it was for your Father who had nothing more to lose, to have acted the Person of King *William* in *Ireland*, and for *William* the third to have spar'd himself, as your Royal Father did——

Ber. And did they call him King *William*?——

Mess. Yes, an't like your Grace——

Ber. I'll go and Challenge 'em every Mother's Son, as soon as I'm at leisure——Well, but how does my Royal Father look, does he seem any way dejected?——

Mess. Quite the contrary, Sir——He carries it with an Air and Countenance rather of a Prince Triumphant over his Enemies, than of a Person that had fled before 'em——

Ber. Law ye now there, my Lords——You see my Royal Father's Heart whole still——and the King of *France* sticks to him——I find we shall have t'other Brush for't still——

Lauxune. All this does not yet satisfy me——I'm sure my Master's too knowing in the Art of War, not to understand, that if his Arms have not prosper'd in *Ireland*, it must be in part the fault of him that commanded them——So that if he received him kindly at his return, and appear'd satisfied with his Conduct, it was rather out of Policy, than from the bottom of his Heart——But my Master has still need of him, to oppose the King of *England*, and therefore it is, that he is so good a Husband of him, and so behaves himself towards him as if he were the greatest General in the World——

Sarsfield. You are so full of Scruples, my Lord——you suppose and believe, and believe and suppose this and that and t'other——I believe and suppose no such thing——I believe the King of *France* to be real, and that he seriously intends to do as he says——

Tyr.

Or, the Conquest of Ireland.

57

Tyr. Otherwise he were the most ungrateful Person in the World——for when it lay in our Master's Power he did all that he could for him——*Nay*, I may boldly say, that had it not been for our Master, he had never come to what he is——I will instance yee only in one thing, and that was in manning all the Dutch Wars for your Master's advantage——

Tal. Gad I believe the most Christian King to be one of the Honestest Gentlemen in *Europe*——and my reason is, because he always lov'd a handfom Girl——

Ber. Look yee, my Lords, you must grant me that Kings Heads are better than other Mens Heads——And if so, then two Kings Heads are better than one——so that I am confident, after these two Kings have laid their Heads together a little while, you'll see strange Alterations in *Europe*——

Tal. Wou'd he were hang'd that does not not believe your Grace speaks like an Angel——

Sarsfield. For my part, I hope to be revelling in *London*——Let me see——How long first?——do you appoint a time, my Lord——

Tyrcon. Truly, my Lord, I can't——

Sars. Before——before——*Tuesday* come Sennight——

Lauxane.——Not so soon, Colonel——

Sars. I'll hold ye, my Lord, a hundred Guineys to one on't——

Lauxane. Wagers are Fools Arguments, Colonel——

Sars. By the Bones of my Father, I'll take the Lye from ne'er a *French Bougre*——Diable of ye all——

[*Draws*——They all draw, take Parties, fall a fighting, and so put an end to the last Act.

I

EPILOGUE.

Epilogue.

I Wonder what our Audience will say,
Of this our Thundering, drumming, fighting Play?
Here are no Scenes indeed, as will invite,
We bring 'em on, but yet they will not fight.
These Irish are of just the self same Kidney,
Like the two Cowards in Sir Philip Sidney.
They Huff, present, Rage, foam, look big and Swear,
But something whispers to 'em, have a Care.
Such Sparks the Ladies Hatred cannot lack,
They hate the Man, that always turns his Back:
No, they by other methods must be won,
They like the Man that briskly pushes on.
'Tis strange what Nature made these Irish for,
They're neither good in Peace, nor fit for War;
The highest Office they are fit for most,
Is to be Trotters in the Penny Post.
Oh! were they all upon a Famous Plain,
Where never yet was daring Monarch slain,
From whence, to Rome, if we could them Convey,
We gladly would the charge of Carriage pay.

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